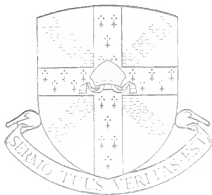




ADDRESSES
AND
HISTORICAL PAPERS
BEFORE
THE CENTENNIAL COUNCIL
OF
The Diocese of Virginia
1785-1885

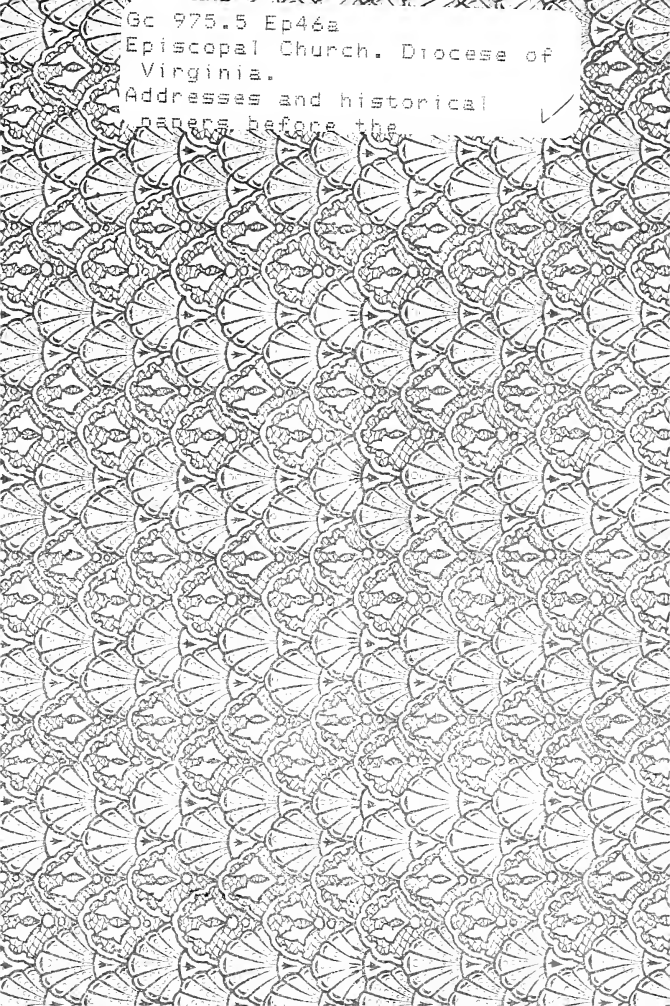
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ADDRESSES AND HISTORICAL PAPERS

BEFORE THE

CENTENNIAL COUNCIL

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

IN THE

DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA,

AT ITS MEETINGS IN

ST. PAUL'S AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCHES, IN RICHMOND,

MAY 20-24, 1885.

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PREFACE.

By a resolution of the Council at its closing session, the following addresses and historical papers were placed in the hands of the Committee on the Endowment of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, for publication in book form. The spirit of love and cordial interest manifested by the members of the Council, and the large number of our Church-people from all parts of the Diocese who came to honor the occasion, should be grateful to lovers of the Episcopal Church everywhere. We regretted the absence of many of the alumni of our seminary whose career we follow with loving interest, and many of the Virginia Clergy in other Dioceses who we had hoped would share with us the joy of the centennial celebration. We hope that these pages will be read by them with some interest, and that the book will remind them to offer a prayer for God's blessing upon the old Diocese. We desire to express our thanks to Mr. Thomas Whittaker

of New York for his cordial interest and kind help in the publication of this volume. For want of time, considerable portions of the opening address, and also of the historical paper upon the Colonial Church, which are printed here, were omitted in the delivery.

As an expression of the spirit, and a contribution to the history, of the oldest Episcopal community in America, we publish this book, and pray for God's blessing upon it.

A. M. R.,

Chairman of Endowment Committee.

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OPENING ADDRESS.

BY A. M. RANDOLPH, D.D., LL.D., ASSISTANT BISHOP OF VIRGINIA.

WE have expressed, in the lessons from Scripture and in the hymns and prayers of this service, our sense of God's goodness and mercy to our Church in Virginia for the past one hundred years, since its independent establishment.

The committee to whom was assigned the duty of arranging religious services for this centennial of our Church have appointed speakers and writers, who have kindly consented to treat the subjects committed to them before the several meetings to be held during the Council. They will review the history of the Diocese from its organization to the present year, the history of the Church in the colony of Virginia from the settlement at Jamestown to the close of the American Revolution, the life and character of some of its representative men whose names are distinguished in that history, and then the origin and growth and present condition of the religious institutions of our Church in the Diocese. They have done their best to make these centennial services profitable and helpful and warming to the heart of the Church in Virginia.

God grant that the retrospect may be wise and useful!

Memory has its blessed uses in the growth of individual character, and in the providential training and progress of nations and communities. In Revelation it is enjoined as a command of God, that we keep green in our memories the great facts of our religious history. It is one purpose, perhaps the main purpose, in the positive institutions of religion, whose history we have in our Bibles. It is an essential element in the plan of redemption. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness," was the command to the people of Israel. We are to observe the religious principle in the command if the remembrance is to be a means of grace and a channel of the Divine blessing. The memory is to be a religious memory. When we look back over the past, it must be to find God in that past if the retrospect is to be salutary: "Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God that led thee," is the command. Memory must work under the distinct recognition of Divine guidance in every stage of the journey.

We are prone to abuse memory. We use it to look at the human side of things, and at that alone, — to exalt the men whom we paint as the heroes of the past, and, in glorifying them, we glorify ourselves, their children, and the supposed inheritors of their spirit; or we use it to pick out the dark things that lie in the distance behind us, — the disappointments and losses, the pains and sorrows and wrongs, of the past. When we do this, memory becomes a hinderance instead of a help. Some people, in looking either at their own lives or at the world around them, may be said to have a talent for

misery. They remember just the things they ought to try to forget, and they forget the blessings they should keep green in memory. They are miserable themselves, and they make other people miserable. They cultivate an ingenuity for extracting bitterness out of every pleasant thing. When the sun is rising, and filling the east with the fresh glory of the dawn, they look persistently westward, where the shadows of the night are still hanging in funereal gloom. When the west is burning with the glories of the sunset, they look obstinately eastward, where the fading memories of the departing day are still lingering.

In some of our moods, we are prone to use memory as Jacob did when he stood before the king of Egypt. Pharaoh asks him, "How old art thou?" Jacob answers, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." He looked at the human side of his life, — his sorrows, his disappointments, his failures, his follies, and his broken vows. If we look at our sins, and away from God's mercies, Jacob's answer finds an echo in every life. It was wrong in him to talk of his life in that way, for overarching all his sins and sorrows were the mercy and the love of his covenant God. Later on, when in a better and truer spirit he looks back at his checkered life from out of the gathering mists of death, he speaks to his children standing around his dying bed, of "the God which fed me all my life long unto this day," and "the Angel which redeemed me from all evil." We should look for God in our history; and, if we do that, the retrospect must be strengthening to our faith and cheering to our hope.

There is a passage in the hundred and nineteenth Psalm which I think is illustrated by the prayer and the spirit of the men who were most largely instrumental in the revival of the Church in Virginia three-quarters of a century ago. The words are these: "It is time for the Lord to work. . . . Therefore I love Thy commandments above gold. . . . And I hate every false way. . . . Mine eyes run down with rivers of water, because they observe not Thy law."

The writer is looking out upon an age of indifference to religion, and defection from God's law. The spectacle turns him away in despair from man, and away from all human resources, and draws forth this sublime invocation of the activity and the power of God. The defection and antagonism of his age deepens his own reverence and loyalty to God's law. And then, as a consequence of this loyalty, and as the reverse side of his enthusiasm for God's law, he hates every false way. This seems to be the movement of his feeling.

There are principles here that are worthy of our earnest attention. The first is this: An awakened spiritual life, which comes in answer to prayers to God, is the motive-power of His kingdom in this world. It is the secret strength of every true religious reformation and revival. The antidote for scepticism and godlessness is the spiritual quickening in the Church. I believe that Christ has a great variety of ways for propagating His truth and defending His cause, and we should pray to Him for guidance and wisdom to the right use of every weapon of offence and defence in the work of evangelizing the world. We are not to despise organization in our

Christian activities. We are not to regret the time we spend upon perfecting the machinery of our churches. But churches are continually gravitating towards faith in mechanism, to the detriment of living faith in spiritual power. They catch this from the spirit of the age, which is characterized by an unlimited confidence in machinery. One would suppose, from an observation of some parishes in some quarters of the Church, that the work of saving souls and redeeming mankind is to be done by committees in the various departments of what is called Church-work. Every principle has to have its machine to propagate it. Each one of the Ten Commandments, if its authority is to be respected and its principle upheld, must be put into the hands of a committee with a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. Dear friends, the simpler the machinery in the work of the Christian Church, the better. Some one has said, "The heavier your machinery, the more power you need in your engine, the more fire in your furnace." The higher the organization in churches, the more spiritual life do they need to work them, lest faith be over-weighted, and we put our trust in drill rather than in Christian courage, in mechanism rather than in Christ.

No organization will avail to perpetuate itself, or stand against the foes of Christianity.

The history of the Church is one long illustration of the facility with which minds cultivated and uncultivated have fallen into the snare of trusting in Church form and Church government to propagate Christianity. Our mother-Church of England, with its historic dignity, its primitive order, and the resources of the wealthiest

nation on earth behind it, fell into that snare; and now one-half of the numerical strength, and perhaps one-half of the intelligence of the country, is in the ranks of what we presumptuously and injudiciously call "dissenting bodies" of Christians. Trust in your organization, teach and preach your Church, its forms, its government, its traditions, instead of teaching your Bibles, and preaching the Gospel, and you will find the life ebbing, and the intelligence of the country drifting away from you, and Church bodies with inferior organization and vastly inferior machinery, but with the true apostolical succession of spiritual power and fidelity to Christ, doing the work of the world's evangelization.

Nor, again, may we rely upon the intellectual and logical defences of the faith. They have their uses, and they are absolutely needful in an age of intellectual activity. Every Church should have trained minds; and God will raise up such, if we use the means of education at our disposal, to meet the foes of His Word on any and every ground they may select for the attack. But unbelief never has yielded and never will yield to logic. An argument upon evidences may strengthen a wavering faith, or confirm an honest doubter; and it is an immense moral power upon the Christian Church to see its defences standing firm against the onset of its foes, generation after generation. I have never yet seen an infidel go unanswered. I have never yet seen an assault upon God's Word that was not triumphantly repelled. From Lucian and Porphyry, Celsus and Julian, down to the latest phases of unbelief, the Christian apologists all along the line have more than held their own. But

unbelief cannot be vanquished upon logical grounds, because it does not rest on logical grounds. You may convince a man that he is in error, by argument, if he has arrived at the error by a process of reasoning. If logic led him into it, logic may avail to lead him out of it. With the majority of men, the judgment, the conscience, and, above all, the feelings, form conclusions, and then enlist the intellectual powers to support them by the processes of ratiocination. The reasoning is an after-thought. Behind it lay the original conviction embedded in the higher faculties of feeling and spirit. Change these, and you uproot the most obstinate convictions, as a building falls when you undermine the foundations. You may grind a piece of ice as fine as powder, but if you leave it out in the cold, it will freeze again, and become as hard as ever. If you melt it in the sun, it flows down in streams that quench the thirst and fertilize the earth. Answer unbelief, beat it off from its logical grounds, grind it to powder, and it is unbelief still, but bring it close to the heart of the Gospel, warm it in the sun of God's love, and its coherence is dissolved and its spirit broken. A constitution of low vitality, of feeble tone, is open on every side to disease. Build up the constitution, and the tendencies to disease are progressively diminished. A cold and formal Church breeds unbelief, as a diseased tree breeds the fungus of growth.

Unbelief is not a set of opinions. The men in this country, of the period after the American Revolution, who had imbibed the infidelity of Voltaire, had no consistent opinions or theories about religion. The most

intelligent of them knew little about the Bible. Some of them were great political thinkers; but, in dealing with Christianity, their objections and speculations and criticisms are for the most part ignorant and childish. They stumbled over interpretations of the Bible, of which an intelligent Sunday-school scholar would now be ashamed. Their arguments for unbelief were commonplace, coarse, and crude, — such as have been answered a hundred times in the history of free thought. Voltaire, their master, is now discredited by every school of educated infidelity, and his books, which constituted the armory for their attacks upon Christianity, are regarded as frivolous, and relegated to the dust of neglect. Jefferson, and others of that time who were supposed to be tainted with those views, were too strong as thinkers to be satisfied with such surface arguments upon a great subject. They did not apply their reasoning powers and their faculties of investigation to the problems of religion. They found that their faith was gone, and they groped about for reasons to justify its absence. They had imbibed doubt from the spirit of the time; and there was nothing in a cold, formal Church, or in a worldly and perfunctory ministry, to give the lie to that doubt. Their difficulty was, that as far as they could see, or cared to see, Christian people seemed to them neither to believe the creeds they repeated, nor to feel the power of the great truths and obligations which they professed. Their scepticism and that of the masses of that time was not rational, but it was moral and spiritual. It was the chill of a wave which had quenched the fire of zeal and the fervor of Christian convictions.

In a great degree that is true of all sceptical ages, and of all phases of unbelief which become general. It is a feeling in the community. It is an atmosphere which men breathe, and to change it we must create a new atmosphere. The arguments that we bring to bear upon men must be the practical logic of regenerated lives. A renewed spiritual life must work in us a higher tone of character in all our temporal relations. Men can see this. They are bound to be moved by its power, as they feel the warmth of the sun. They pass by the subtleties of religious controversy, and the endless and ever-shifting battlegrounds between Christianity and its foes. They are unfurnished for such discussions. Life is too busy and too short, and faith is too precious, to encounter such gratuitous perils. If the Gospel comforts sorrow, and cleanses from sin, and answers the cry of the hungry souls, that is enough for them. Men of all ages and conditions judge principles by their fruits. Our faith must change our characters. What Christian men profess to believe, must control their common life, and, if it does not, we are helping the cause of scepticism far more than the writers who assail the evidences of the Christian faith. No matter how solemn may be our religious assemblies; no matter how fervent our prayers may seem to be, or eloquent our preaching; no matter how many may join our churches, — we will make no lasting impression on the community unless within the Church there is a loftier type of character and a nobler morality than exists in the world outside of the Church.

Men are silently, and sometimes openly, saying to us

Christians, "You say you want to convert us. Convert us to what? To love and to keep God's laws? What laws do you keep that we do not? In your homes and in your public duties, where is the difference between us and you? Are you less extravagant in your furniture, your dress, in what we call the shows of life, than we are? Are you less anxious to be rich, and more scrupulous in your ways of making fortunes, than we are? Are you less reckless in your speculations? Do you submit your business transactions to the eye of God, as you tell us to do? You talk of the future life of glory; you sing hymns about heaven. What manner of persons would you be if you really believed those hymns to be true? Would it be possible for you to be so moved by petty ambitions, so distracted by the petty struggles and rewards of this world, if you believed that you had within your reach crowns that never fade away, and the glories of heaven that pass man's understanding? Do you believe that Christ died for your sins? And what are you doing, and what are you willing to do, for Him? Where is the life that illustrates the reality of these wonderful convictions?"

That is the reasoning of multitudes who reject the Christian revelation, or pass it by with indifference. There may be in it much that is exaggerated and unreasonable, but still the basis is true. There must be a quickened spiritual life in the Church. There must be a renewed loyalty to the laws of God, a spiritual and a moral reformation within the Church, before it can propagate a real faith in the Gospel, or rescue men from eternal destruction.

The history of the Church in Virginia, which we commemorate to-day, illustrates the truth of these principles. In the papers to be read, you will be told the story as I have not the time to tell it. At the beginning of this century, the friends of the Episcopal Church in Virginia had almost abandoned the hope that it could ever be revived. From the re-organization of the Church in 1785, to the year 1814, the decline in morals and religion continued, and spiritual lethargy deepened, even though the greater part of this time the Church had a Bishop. The steady east wind of scepticism, which had chilled the heart of the English Church during the early and middle years of the eighteenth century, reached the churches here during the last half of that century. Thirty years of blight and chill passed before the breath of a new life came from the same quarter. During the last part of the eighteenth century, a great movement began under Whitefield and the Wesleys, which rescued vast masses of the English people from atheism, and, under God, renewed the heart of the English Church. That wave travelled over the sea to us.

The historian of the Diocese, in his admirable sketch of Bishop Meade, has this passage: "At sixteen years of age the Bishop read Wilberforce's 'Practical View.' He says of this, 'It gave direction and color to my whole life.' It is curious that Wilberforce derived his religious impulse from his aunt, who got hers from Whitefield. And thus is brought to light a chain connecting two centuries and two continents through an influence flowing from George Whitefield to William Meade, the future Bishop of Virginia."

And what was Whitefield's power over that backsliding generation? Undoubtedly he was a great preacher. Absurd it would be to deny to him that title, in the face of the fact that his preaching moved all classes of men. There is little in his sermons, as we read them, that can help us to understand their wonderful power. You find in them nothing of the learning of Barrow, the rhetorical fervor of Jeremy Taylor, the logic of Howe, the freshness and vigor of Frederick Robertson of our own time; but, judged by effects, he was a far greater preacher than any one of them, or all of them put together. No class of society escaped the kindling power of his enthusiasm and his personal intensity. Hard sceptics like Hume, cold and unimpressible politicians like Franklin, frivolous worldlings like Chesterfield, followed him from place to place, and hung upon his words.

We are told that Whitefield often prayed this prayer of the Psalm: "Lord, I can do nothing; it is time for Thee to work. They make void Thy law, therefore I love Thy commandments above gold, and hate every false way." It was praying to God for help, and believing that He would help; a love for the Gospel, made warm by the antagonism of a sceptical age, and an awful sense of the consequences of sin to his countrymen in the violation of God's commands,—that, under the Spirit of God, gave him his power. It was a spiritual and a moral reformation which he preached, and that was stronger with the cultivated and the ignorant than Paley's Evidences and Butler's Analogy.

The story is repeated when the wave reached our own

land and our own dear Diocese. Bishop Moore comes to us in 1814. Under his fervor, and the fidelity of the men who worked with him, the tide of religious life began to rise. Bishop Meade is consecrated in 1829. The story of the work of these two men and their contemporaries will be told in the memorial papers that are to be read. They illustrated the same principle upon which we have been dwelling. They were men of prayer. They were men with an humble estimate of themselves, and a great faith in the power of God. In their preaching, as far as I can form an opinion from memory and from reading, they did not try to prop up the cross of Christ, but they pointed men to it. With them Christian faith and Christian morality were related as the fountain is related to the stream. They taught that spiritual regeneration must bear its fruit in moral reformation, and in newness of life in Christ Jesus.

Abundant success crowned their labors. They would have been the first to warn us that it was not their own arm that built up the waste places, and revived the languishing Church in Virginia, but "Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them." And we can do just the work that they did, for God's strength is not spent: He fainteth not, and is never weary. It is not humility, but a lack of faith in the power of God, which speaks of men like these as greater in faith, in self-denial, and in spiritual power, than the men of our own day. We may do a work for Christ as great, or greater than they did, if we pray for Christ's grace, and lean upon His arm.

The lesson of that revival is a lesson of faith in God. Those men were true to God, and God blessed them beyond the measure of their largest hopes. When we cease to rely upon our own strength; when we cease to glorify ourselves, our own Diocese and our own traditions, our Church polity and our evangelical fervor; when we learn to trust God and Christ with all our hearts, and to care for nothing but the propagation of His Gospel, and the victory of His righteousness among men,—we shall then discern that He is as willing to help us as He was to help them, and that the brightest and best days of our fathers are but prophecies of brighter and better days that are coming to us.

There is another principle in this passage, to which I will call your attention before I close. The Psalmist says in his prayer, “I love Thy laws, and I hate every false way.” As I said in the beginning, the idea there is, that the love of God’s truth and God’s law involves a protest against their denial. Churches are intrusted by Christ with the positive truths of the Gospel, to proclaim to the world. They are intrusted also with negations; that is, with protests against the errors springing out of human nature that tend to overlay these positive truths. A correlative of a love for a truth is the hatred of its denial. A belief in, and a love of, a truth, implies a protest against the denial of that truth.

In the English Church in 1833, and in the American Episcopal Church a few years later, another movement began, denying that principle. The Church of Rome had all the positive truths of Christ’s Gospel, but along with these it affirmed a set of principles which neu-

tralized and buried those positive truths. Protestants taught that the sinner is saved, and his sins forgiven, by and for the sake of Christ's atonement. Romanists held that too; but, in addition, they taught that the intervention of the priest is necessary to apply that atonement to the sinner, and that we must come to the one Mediator between God and man through confession and absolution, and the priestly sacrifice of human mediators. Protestantism contends that this neutralizes the Gospel, and protests against it.

Again: the Episcopal Church and all the Reformed Churches believe in the real presence of Christ, not tied to ordinances, but where two or three are gathered together in His name, or in the inner court of the sanctuary of the soul, the walls whereof are not made with hands. The Romanist also believes in the real presence of Christ, but conditions that presence by the consecration of the bread and wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, under the hands of the human priesthood. Protestantism contends that this neutralizes the Gospel, and brings back the gloomy superstitions that hung like a pall over the religious life of Europe for many centuries.

To withdraw these protests of Protestantism in the Episcopal Church, has been the aim of the party which arose in 1833, and which has agitated both Churches ever since. Neither in the mother-Church in England, nor in her daughter in America, has this party achieved a direct success in accomplishing its ultimate aims. It has not succeeded in expunging any one of the Thirty-nine Articles which breathe a condemnation of the errors

of Rome, and which bear witness to the profound conception, in the Church of the Reformation, of the disaster to Christianity, and the ruin to souls, which those errors had entailed upon Christendom for long ages. It has not succeeded in restoring to the prayers, the offices, and the rubrics of the Prayer-Book, the corruptions of doctrine and the symbols of falsehood which had grown into them through the centuries of Roman domination, and which were ruthlessly excluded by the Reformers. In this country it has failed, so far, to shake the loyalty of the vast majority of Episcopalians to the name "Protestant" in the title of the Church. Only the feebler minds among them have aimed directly at these radical changes in the direction of Rome. The wiser ones have directed their efforts towards sapping the foundations, instead of an assault upon the citadel.

Their endeavor has been, to undermine the sentiment of antagonism to Romish principles, not with a view to a re-union with the Roman Church, which they profess to repudiate with as much emphasis as Protestants do, but to claim for themselves and their Church the power, the functions, the doctrines, and the exclusive validity, which Rome claims for herself. They have, in their writings and teachings to the people, repudiated the name of Protestant. They have cast imputations upon the names of the Reformers, and sought to pour contempt upon their spirit and their principles. They have taught the women and children to call the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the Mass, and the communion-table the altar. They have, by the power of a compact minority, held the balance in the legislation

of conventions. They have worried and intimidated some of the Bishops until the protests against them from that quarter have weakened, and become in many instances ineffectual; whilst many others who profess to deprecate their practices have withheld their condemnation, and closed their lips, for fear of being assailed as narrow-minded, impolitic, and uncharitable. They have among them, in their ministry and their laity, men and women of noble character, and self-sacrificing devotion worthy of a better cause.

If they succeed, and in proportion as they accomplish permanent success, the Prayer-Book must not only be revised, but relegated to disuse, and another book of worship must take its place. The history of our Church in this country and in England must be re-written, and its glorious achievements for the Gospel under the Protestant spirit must take their place among the records of the past. Its catholic love, and its conservative influence upon all the Protestant Churches around us, must wane, and pass away. Of such a result I have no fear if we watch and pray, and ask of Christ the courage and fidelity to stand for our convictions of His truth.

God forbid that here or anywhere I should say a word to fan into a flame the fires of ecclesiastical controversy! God forbid that I should cultivate the spirit of suspicion towards the opinions or the practice of any Christian brother in the ministry of the Gospel or out of it! God save me from the spirit that measures a man by my own conscience, and requires, before I can commune with him, an absolute accord with my own intellectual convictions! God save us all from the spirit

that hunts for heterodoxy in pulpit and in chancel, and that will not be satisfied until it finds it! If my brother is in error, I must love him, I must pray for him. He needs my prayers and my love more when he is in error than when he is safe upon the highway of truth. But still I must pray for myself, I must pray for you, and for the Church in Virginia, that we may be true to the Gospel that Paul preached, of a sinner's justification by faith, of a sinner's free access to Christ by faith, true to a gospel that has only one Priest, one Altar, and one Sacrifice once offered for the sins of the world, — a gospel that was overlaid and cumbered for long ages, but was revived, under God, in the glorious days of the Reformation. Of that Reformation I hold that our Prayer-Book is the noblest monument.

I invoke upon the Church in Virginia and in all of our Dioceses, and in her dear name upon our sister Churches of other denominations who hold the same Gospel, and are fighting by our side in the strain and the burden of the same great conflict against the enemies of Christ, — I invoke the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and evermore.

THE COLONIAL CHURCH OF VIRGINIA.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY P. SLAUGHTER, D.D., HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA, AT THE CENTENNIAL COUNCIL IN THE CITY OF RICHMOND ON THE 21ST OF MAY, 1885.

“En dat Virginia Quintam.” — *Motto of seal of Virginia.*

THERE is a God in history. History is a drama of Divine Providence; and, to my mind, one of the greatest of all marvels is, that myriads of men, each doing his own will, are all marching (unwittingly it may be) towards the realization of the Divine Idea, as seemingly antagonizing forces in the heavens result in a sublime harmony.

I cannot think that it was a mere coincidence, that the revival of letters and of the arts, the discovery of printing and of the polarity of the needle, just succeeded the reformation of religion, and just preceded the discovery of America. It looks as if the new ideas and the new instruments of that era demanded a new world for their development, and as a fulcrum for the new levers, which were to lift the old world out of the old routine, and bring it under the influence of serener heavens, and of an awakening spring. The minds of meditative men were expectant of great changes, and of a new world as the scene of them. The old fables

of the Islands of the Blessed, of the golden Gardens of the Hesperides, of the lost Atlantis of Plato, and of the Ingens Tellus of Seneca, were revived. And, more remarkable still, James Harrington a little later predicted and pictured a coming free republic, fairer than had yet been seen, which he thought could not be realized in England, but was reserved for the descendants of Englishmen in a new Atlantis beyond the seas.

The discovery of America overturned the geographical systems of the ancients; the opening of her mines produced a revolution in commerce; and the plantation of her colonies gave land to the landless, a home to the adventurer, and an asylum to the exile, from all lands, where each might find a freer life and a fresher nature. It disclosed an open field where truth and error might have a fair fight, and where Church and State, which had been so long leaning on each other, might, in the contemplation of a new world, fresh, as it were, from the hands of the Creator, outgrow the fetters which impeded their progress, and, by toilsome marches through Sloughs of Despond and over Mountains of Difficulty, with bleeding feet, at last reach that serene height on which, according to the laurelled poet of England, "Freedom sat of old," and, under her inspiration, accomplish a revolution which had no parallel in the annals of the world, and rear civil fabrics which had no model on the face of the globe.

As "coming events cast their shadows before," it was fit that events of so much magnitude should have their appropriate heralds and attendants. For the ancient and mediæval world, the Mediterranean Sea was the

great highway of human intercourse, and, as has been sententiously said, the one "sea of history." Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Italy all lay around it. But times change. The old nations went to the rear; and Portugal and Spain, France and England, came to the front, and looked out upon the wide Atlantic. The attraction of the New World was added to the moving forces let loose by the Reformation. Then began that series of battles, from Louis XIV. to Napoleon Bonaparte, which Professor Holmes of the University of Virginia long ago, and Professor Seely of Cambridge lately, have shown, by a large induction of particulars, were fought for the possession of the New World. Whether the scene of these battles was Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, the New World was the "prize for which they fought." How this view dignifies and invests with new interest the battles of which Virginia was the field during the colonial era! By the light of these facts they are seen to be acts in the drama of Divine Providence, by which Virginia became the heritage of the people and of the institutions of England, instead of those of France or of Spain. The rivalry of princes, the ambition to make a name, the lust of gold, and the spirit of knightly adventure, inflamed the minds of men; and, under these impulses, vessels were traversing every sea, raising crosses in every land they touched, and exploring rivers with the hope of finding a middle inland passage to Cathay, of whose riches mariners told such bewitching stories. Charters had been given by the kings of England, to divers companies, for settlements in Virginia, — which name covered the whole eastern

coast of America. The gallant Sir Walter Raleigh and others had failed in their efforts to make a permanent plantation. Spain and France were ahead of England in America. The people were impatient. The poets felt the inspiration of the hour, and gave expression to thoughts and emotions which were beating in many hearts. Drayton, in his "Poly-Olbion," gave utterance to these thoughts in the words, —

“ Britons, you stay too long.
Quickly aboard bestow you ;
And, with a merry gale,
Swell your stretched sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth’s only paradise.
And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came ;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known to our North.”

In January, 1606–7, three frail barks left the Downs in England, and, after a circuitous voyage, were driven by a storm into the capes of Virginia on the 26th of April, 1607, not knowing where they were. They landed on the south cape, and erected a cross, calling it Cape Henry, after the son of King James. On the 28th, says Percy, they “discovered up the bay,” and found a river on the south side, “running into the

main." Here they were regaled by the wild flowers blooming on the banks, and by strawberries blushing in the grass. Finding the water too shallow in the mouth of the river, they rowed to a point of land where, finding from six to twelve fathoms, they were "put in good comfort," and called the place Cape (or Point) Comfort. On the 30th they coasted to Kichotan¹ (Hampton), and, continuing their explorations up the river, finally (May 13) came to "Paspehas Country," where they moored their ships to the trees in six fathoms of water; and on the 14th of May they landed, and laid the foundation of the first permanent plantation of Englishmen on the continent,—the site of the first city, the first parish, and the first church, and the scene of the first baptism,² the first marriage, the first Holy Communion, in "his Majesty's ancient colony and dominion of Virginia," and of the first Representative Assembly in America. On the 21st of May (this day two hundred and seventy-eight years ago), Capts. Newport, Smith, Archer, and Percy, with others, ascended the river, resolved, they say, not to return without finding either "the head of the river, the reported lake, the sea, or some other issue." They had interviews with the Indians at Weyanoke, called upon the queen of the Appomattox at her wigwam, and were interrupted, they say, by "great craggy stones in the midst of the river, where the water falleth so rudely that not any boat can

¹ This word is variously spelled by different authors, — Kechoughtan, Kichetan, Kichotan, etc.

² The first Indian baptized by Protestants in America was Manteo at Roanoke (1595), whom Raleigh appointed Lord of Roanoke.

possibly pass." On an islet at the foot of the falls, they erected, on Whit Sunday, the 24th (and it is curious that next Sunday is Whit Sunday, and the 24th of May), a cross with this inscription: "Jacobus Rex, 1607;" and in a fit of loyalty, but with wretched taste, they changed the name of the river from imperial Powhatan to the royal James, proclaiming King James of England to have the most right to it, says Percy.

On the 27th of May they returned to James Fort, as they then called Jamestown, in honor of their new triangular fort, which had been thrown up for their protection against the Indians. On the 10th of June, Capt. Smith, who had been excluded from the council, was sworn in. They spent some weeks in "palisading" the fort, which had been assailed by four hundred Indians during their absence.

On the 21st of June, they had their first public religious service in a grove. "The groves were God's first temples," and the grandest cathedrals are dwarfed in their presence. Of them it may be said with more truth than Byron said of St. Peter's at Rome, —

"Thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee, —
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True."

The pulpit was a plank nailed to two trees; the seats were unhewn logs. The congregation numbered about one hundred: we have a list of their names. Fifty-five are set down as gentlemen, and the remainder as laborers, mechanics, bricklayers, smiths, and a barber. The

minister, Rev. Robert Hunt, read the first Church-service, preached the first sermon, and administered the first Holy Communion to worshippers kneeling upon their mother-earth. The wilderness, whose awful silence had hitherto been unbroken save by the war-whoop of the Indians, the screams of the eagle, and the voices of other wild birds and beasts, now resounded with the Word of God and the trumpet tones of our grand old liturgy. Thus was inaugurated the Colonial Church of Virginia. We would like to dwell upon the picturesque phases of our primitive Church, describing the three successive edifices of timber and the first one of brick, and the apostolic character of our first missionaries; but I cannot do this without repeating what I have lately contributed to Bishop Perry's "Centennial History of the American Church." And an event now occurred pregnant with such momentous consequences to the present day as to demand especial attention and illustration.

Just before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a Dutch ship ascended the James River, and landed at Jamestown twenty African slaves; and the white man and the red man and the black man stood face to face, and gazed upon each other, in the New World. What a subject for a grand historical picture by an artist who had the "vision and the faculty divine" to see lying hid in this group the germs of the history of these three races, which have been unrolled before our eyes! From this point in space and this moment in time, these three races started upon a new career of development. The white man ran up the rivers, transcended the moun-

tains, and poured along the plains, until the western sea seemed to say to the wave of Anglo-Saxon people, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waters be stayed." The red man melted away before the pale faces like the snow before the sun. He retired from Tidewater to Piedmont, and over the hills, and far away towards the setting sun, as if he could find rest for his weary feet only in the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, or was destined to realize the fate of the crew of the fabled phantom ship—

"Whose bark rides on and on,
And anchored ne'er shall be."

Now, what was it that distinguished the fates of these two races? The white man was the heir of a long line of illustrious ancestors. Behind him was the history of England. He brought with him the language, the laws, the literature, the religion, and the arts and arms, of England. The red man had no historical past, no literature, not even an alphabet, and no monument but the rude mounds which mark the graves of his sires. It was another illustration of the law, that, where two races come into competition, the weaker must go to the wall,—the law of the survival of the fittest. But how came the black man to escape the fate of the Indian? He had no historical past. For ages his forefathers had roamed over their native wilds without adding one cubit to his intellectual or moral stature, or contributing one mite to the progress of humanity. Here we must again adore that mysterious Providence by which the Africo-American "was bound to the car of the Anglo-Ameri-

can," and, through the manual-labor school of slavery, was borne onward and upward, until he reached an intellectual, moral, and religious stature which had never been attained by his race, in any age of the world or any clime under the sun. For aught we know, this may have been the best discipline for teaching the rudiments of civilization to the savage; that, when the fulness of time had come, his fetters might fall, and he stand, as he does to-day, upon the same political platform with the white man, equal before the law, and having a voice in the government of this great Republic: while the poor Indian, original lord of the soil, is still denied the rights of a citizen. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." It is thus He makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and restrains the remainder thereof.

The religious education of these races was devolved by Divine Providence upon the Colonial Church, because for a century after this meeting there was no other Christian organization in this colony.

And first as to the white race. We have already seen something of what was done by the infant Church to this date. Returning to the point of departure, let me say that Jamestown was the port of entry to which all ships must come before "breaking bulk," and was the centre of population from which lines of radiation ran to all points of the compass. The rivers were the chief roads along which the pioneers penetrated the wilderness. Hence the first counties and parishes were on both sides of broad rivers, it being easier to go to church and to court by water than by land. Hence

from 1634 there was a constant progression of peoples, counties, parishes, and churches, up James River and its tributaries, down James River, and up the Elizabeth and Nansemond, over to "Middle Plantation" (Williamsburgh), thence up York, Rappahannock, and Potomac, and the tributaries of each, to their head-springs in the great mountains. It was not until 1716 that Gov. Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe first lifted the blue veil which had hitherto hidden from the eye of the white man the valley of Virginia. Then the wave of people "poured through the passes," and, meeting a tide of Scotch-Irish and Germans from Pennsylvania, blended with it; and the course of empire continued its westward way. In 1734 the county of Orange, whose bounds were nominally the utmost limits of Virginia, was divided, and the counties of Frederick and Augusta were formed. These in process of time were broken up into other counties, to keep pace with the people, until the procession terminated in the *County and Parish of Kentucky*.

Over the Tidewater and Piedmontese sections, there still stand venerable monuments of this grand march of the Colonial Church,—the ruined tower at Jamestown, old St. Luke's in Isle of Wight, St. Paul's (Norfolk), St. John's (Hampton), Christ (Williamsburgh), Blandford, and Wood's, and others too many to mention, except old St. John's, which looks down upon us to-day from Richmond Hill, and seeming to echo to the other churches of the parish the words of the beloved apostle after whom it is named: "Little children, love one another."

Dr. Johnson, who was no sentimentalist, said, "I do not envy the man who can walk unmoved over historical ground, and whose piety does not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona;" and our own William Wirt said of the ruins at Jamestown, "I feel my soul drawn towards it by tender ties of sympathy, and I involuntarily open my mouth to offer consolation to the drooping pile." And I am confident that there is not one of my hearers who will not join me in saying, —

More costly temples may around thee rise,
To pierce with taper pinnacles the skies,
Gorgeous with glittering dome and sculptured towers,
As if the stone had bloomed in giant flowers;
But none of these have charms for me
Like those mossed roofs and green embroidery.

But there are other monuments of the Colonial era which will endure long after the old churches shall have crumbled into the dust from which they sprung. These are the names of the parishes and counties, which are historical, and point to persons and places and events in the old country and in the olden time. They perpetuate the memory of kings and queens, princes and princesses, statesmen and soldiers and battles, in English history. Although we have so many beautiful Indian names, our forefathers were so loyal that they preferred English names. There are only four counties in Eastern Virginia that have Indian names. All the others commemorate some member of the royal family, or English statesman, or soldier, or colonial governor. When you find a seeming exception, as Nelson or Madison, you may be sure they are new counties, made since the Declara-

tion of Independence. The same is true as to counties and parishes instituted in the valley before the Revolution. After that date, the new counties represent the new order, and are named after governors of the State, members of Congress, soldiers, and pioneer settlers, with a few Indian names. The change of Dunmore into Shenandoah, in 1777, is one of the first indications of the new era. It would be a mistake to suppose that this extension of the borders of the Church sprung out of the bosom of the Church. The Church had no power of self-motion. She was tied to the State, and the State carried the Church along with it. The method of progress was this: the State offered bounties to pioneers to penetrate the wilderness, and settle new plantations; and, when the settlers were too far from court-houses and churches to attend them, the State threw the net over them in the form of new parishes and new counties.

The great instruments of civilization in those days were courts, jails, whipping-posts, stocks, ducking-stools, and churches and church-wardens; the latter being civil officers, and a sort of *censors morum*, whose duty it was to present all overt immoralities and breaches of the peace to the county courts.

The execution of these duties often brought this officer into conflict with the dissenters from the Established Church, and thus involved the Church in the odium attached to the State, with which it was so blended that the people could not distinguish the one from the other.

I have said that the religious education of the Indian was devolved by Divine Providence upon the Colonial

Church, there having been for more than a century no other church organization in the Colony. Let us see if any thing was done in execution of this high trust. This inquiry will bring to light some facts which have been entirely ignored by general historians, and barely touched by others, in whose eyes kings and queens, knights and gentlemen, merchant princes, and the like, are the prime factors in history. While the kings of England looked upon the Colonies as so many plantations to be worked for their benefit, to put money in their pockets, and furnish places of honor and preferment for their courtiers and satellites, it is also true that the missionary spirit was neither dead nor dormant in England during the colonial era: on the contrary, there were many Christian hearts beating behind this enterprise. Some such as the gallant Earl of Southampton, the Ferrars, Hakluyt, and Sandys, were members of the Virginia Company of London, under whose auspices the Colony of Virginia was founded, and nursed in its infancy. In their view, the chief end of the enterprise was the "plantation of the Church in the New World," wholly given to idolatry, and the diffusion of the light of the Gospel among the Indians, who had so long sat in darkness and the shadow of death. It was their influence which procured the insertion, in the charters and like documents, of those "saving clauses" which redeemed the movement from utter worldliness. These persons took care that sermons should be frequently preached before the Virginia Company, to keep before their minds the truth that the chief end of the enterprise was to plant the banner of the cross in the camp of Satan. In 1609

Crashaw, the father of the poet, preached before the Company a rousing missionary sermon, the first ever preached by a minister of the Church of England to those about to carry her name to the New World. To Lord Delaware, the captain-general, who was present, and about to sail for Virginia, he said in conclusion, "Thy ancestor took a king prisoner on the field of battle with his own hands; but thou shalt take the Devil captive in his own kingdom, and thus the honor of thy house shall be greater at the last than at the first. You are a general of Englishmen, you go to commend Christianity to the heathen: then practise it yourself." Among the sermons of like spirit before the Company, was one by Dr. Symonds, and another by the famed Dr. Donne. The latter said, "You have your charters, seals, and commissions; what you lack is the Holy Ghost. This seals the great seal, and authenticates authority. Without it your patents and commissions will be but feeble crutches; with the breath of the Holy Spirit they will be as wings on which you will fly the faster. Those of you who are young may live to see that you have made this island, which is the suburb of the Old World, a bridge, a gallery, to the New, to join all to that world which shall never grow old,—the kingdom of heaven." Sir William Alexander expressed the missionary feeling in the lines,—

"In this last age time doth new worlds display,
That Christ a Church in all the earth may have.
· · · · ·
America to Europe may succeed;
God may of stones raise up to Abram seed."

And our own saintly Church songster Herbert awakened the jealousy of the courtiers of the King by his lines, —

“ Religion stands tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”¹

It was these good men who conceived the idea of founding in Virginia a great university for the education of young men, and “the training of the children of the infidels in religion and civility.” The site of the college was Henricopolis, which classical name has degenerated into the vulgar Dutch Gap. The scheme included a high school as a nursery for the university, whose site was to be at Charles City, now City Point. The university was endowed with fifteen thousand acres of James-river bottom-land on both sides of the river from the Falls to Curles Neck. The King was induced to request the Archbishop to have collections taken up in all the dioceses for this end. Dr. King, Bishop of London, collected a thousand pounds. Five hundred pounds were given by one who signed himself “Dust and Ashes.” Bibles, prayer-books, plate for baptismal and communion offices, and other donations, flowed into the treasury. A hundred and twenty-five pounds were collected for the school by Copeland, chaplain of an East-Indian ship. Tenants for the college lands, including mechanics, brickmakers, etc., were sent over under the charge of Thorpe, a model Christian man.

This brilliant prospect was blighted in a single hour by

¹ Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, puts this language and sentiment of Herbert into his prose without acknowledgment.

the massacre by the Indians on the 22d of March, 1622. The whites and the Indians had been living in the kindest intercourse. The latter up to the eve of the tragedy had been going in and out familiarly among the whites, and had even borrowed their boats in maturing the conspiracy, without exciting suspicion. The Indians fell upon the whites like lightning from a clear sky. Upwards of three hundred colonists, including six members of the Council, fell under the tomahawk in a few hours. Of eighty plantations, but eight escaped. But there was one redeeming feature in the tragedy. The colony was saved from utter extirpation by a Christian Indian living with Mr. Pace opposite Jamestown. His Indian brother slept with him that night, and tempted him to kill Mr. Pace. But he quietly slipped out, and informed Mr. Pace, who rowed over the river where it is more than three miles wide, and gave the alarm at Jamestown; and eight plantations were saved. The name of Chanco should be ever green in the memory of every Christian and patriot. A terrible revulsion of feeling ensued; and a cry of vengeance was heard in England and in the colony, in which at least one of the colonial ministers joined. Rev. Mr. Stockton said, "Kindly means for their conversion have failed. I am no statesman, nor love I to meddle with any thing but my books; but I am persuaded, that, if Mars and Minerva go hand in hand, they will do more good in an hour than all your verbal Mercuries (missionaries) in their lives. And until their priests and ancients have their throats cut, there is no hope of their conversion." The company in England instructed the authorities in

Virginia to wage war upon the Indians, without quarter or truce. The authorities in Virginia replied, "We have anticipated your instructions." Mr. Treasurer fell upon the Tappahannocks, Sir George Yardley upon the Weyanokes and Pamunkeys, Capt. West upon the Powhatans, Capt. Madison upon the Potomacks.¹ They burned their towns, destroyed their corn and fishing-nets, and chased them with mastiffs and bloodhounds. Many years elapsed before laws were passed for the better treatment of the aborigines, and the first missionary measure appears upon the statute-book in the following questionable shape. An Act of Assembly, 1665, declares, that, "for every eight wolves' heads brought in by the Indians, they shall have a cow," and adds, "*This may be a step towards making them Christians.*" But, before further steps were taken, the war-clouds rolling dun darkened the horizon, and issued in Bacon's so-called "rebellion," when —

"Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again."

Nothing more was done until the Rev. Dr. Blair came to Virginia as the commissary of the Bishop of London. He was the chief instrument in reviving the scheme for building a college, which had been initiated by the General Assembly in 1660–61. I cannot here give in detail the history of William and Mary College, whose success was chiefly owing to the ability, zeal, and untiring energy of Commissary Blair, manifested both in England and in Virginia. It will suffice for my purpose now to say

¹ In Indian names, the orthography of the olden time is retained.

that the end of this institution was affirmed both by the charter and the General Assembly to be, "That the Church in Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the Gospel, and for the pious education of young men; but also that the Christian faith may be propagated among the Indians." In 1691 Hon. Robert Boyle left a legacy which was invested in an English estate called Brafferton, and the interest applied to the building in the college green, known as the Brafferton, where Indians were educated until the Revolution. Most of these relapsed into heathenism after returning to their people; a few of them became servants to the English. Gov. Spotswood founded an Indian school on the Meherrin River, called Christanna, under the care of that good man Mr. Griffin. The governor went in person among the Indians, and selected scholars. Hugh Jones, professor at William and Mary, says, in his "History of Virginia," that he had seen as many as seventy pupils there, and that Mr. Griffin was so beloved by the Saponeys that they would have made him their king. But he adds that the school was broken up through "opposition of pride and interest," and Griffin was transferred to the Brafferton professorship in William and Mary. Persons came down in sloops from Maryland, and Virginia planters attended in their coaches, four-in-hand, the first commencement at the college; and the scene was made more picturesque by the presence of Indians. From these scattered items we cannot form a just judgment of the efficacy of the means used for the conversion of the Indians. Sufficient data are wanting, church records being few and far between. The cases

of Pocahontas and Chanco warrant the hope that there may have been many such.

But if these had been the only fruits gathered, they would have been worth far more than the labor expended in their culture. We have seen that the colony was saved from utter extirpation, by the pious offices of one converted Indian. But for his warning, Virginia might have been a French or Spanish province, and the course of history reversed. And Pocahontas not only saved the life of Smith by interposing her own person between him and the uplifted tomahawk, and by timely warnings of impending danger saved the colony from extinction, but her descendants have been leading members of the Church in every generation; and they sit here to-day in the persons of ministers and lay delegates to this Council, of gracious matrons and maids; and her blood runs in the veins of the present honored and Right Reverend Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia. It is curious, that, when Sir Thomas Gates first visited Kecoughtan (Hampton), the Indian commander there was Pochins, the brother of Pocahontas, and that Hampton should have become the site of the present Indian Institute. When, some time ago, the Bishop of this Diocese confirmed a class of Indian youths there, their hearts would doubtless have been stirred with a deeper emotion if they had known that he who laid his hands on their heads was a descendant of the aboriginal ruler of this realm.

THE BLACK RACE.

But I have said that Divine Providence had devolved the religious education of the black race upon the Colonial Church of Virginia.

In considering this subject, it should be borne in mind, that, abhorrent as slavery is to the men of this generation, it was quite otherwise in those days. It had always prevailed in some form in the Old World, and was not limited to the African race. White men were enslaved at that very time by the Moors in Africa. Bishop Cosin of England gave five hundred pounds out of his own purse for the redemption of Englishmen from African slavery. Columbus himself sent to Seville five hundred Indian slaves. Indians were enslaved in New England. Political and other white convicts were sent by England to the colonies, and made slaves for a term of years. One hundred virtuous young English white women were sent from England to Virginia, and sold for wives at the rate of five hundred pounds leaf-tobacco each. But it must be confessed that the African race had been in a peculiar sense the victims of slavery, not only among their own people in Africa, but specially in America. The Portuguese initiated the African slave-trade in the fifteenth century. Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain, Charles V. of Germany, Queen Elizabeth and the Stuart kings of England, encouraged it, and profited by the traffic. The North-American colonists generally objected at first to receiving them, and often afterwards protested against the trade in vain. And one of the counts in the indictments of England in the original

draft of the Declaration of Independence was "the inhuman negative interposed by the mother-country" to the Colonial laws forbidding the slave-trade. The twenty negroes brought to Virginia in 1619 were bartered for provisions, of which the master of the vessel pleaded he was in dire need. The massacre of the whites by the Indians occurred in less than three years after the landing of the negroes. We have a census of the victims of that massacre, and it is remarkable that there is not an African among them. Whether they were spared on account of their color, is not known. We have also a census of the Colonists one year after the massacre; and we find at Flower de Hundred eleven negroes, at James City two negro women, at Isle of Wight four men and one woman, at Basses Choice one man and one woman, at Elizabeth City one man; at Shirley one man had died, leaving just twenty-one negroes. But, what is more interesting, we find at Elizabeth City in the following year, 1624 (incidentally mentioned in the census), that a negro child was baptized, and called William; and what adds to the interest is, that the very next entry is the baptism of an Indian child called William Crashaw, after the preacher whose sermon I have quoted. Now, we have no baptismal registers till forty years after this date, which invests these two entries with special value because they prove, what would otherwise be unknown, that within two years after the massacre an Indian child was baptized, and within a few years after the landing of these heathen negroes one of their children (it may have the first born in the Colony) was taken into the Christian Church. These

significant facts have escaped the notice of all the historians; and they raise the strongest presumption, that, if we had the Church records of this date, we should see that it is not true, as has been so often affirmed, that "no man cared for their souls." This presumption is enhanced by the further fact that our earliest extant baptismal registers, as those of Gloucester, Middlesex, and old Charles Parish, beginning just after 1660, are full of the baptisms of negro children, intermixed with the whites, and often outnumbering them. Another deeply interesting fact, which will surprise many of my hearers, is, that the first man who ever lifted up his voice against the African slave-trade was one of the poor, despised Colonial Clergymen of Virginia. Clarkson awarded this honor to Rev. Morgan Godwyn, even over Bishop Sanderson and Baxter. Godwyn went from Virginia to Barbadoes, where he fought a good fight for the negro and the Indian, in the face of fierce opposition. He wrote a very strong pamphlet in America, entitled "The Negro and the Indian's Advocate," which was printed in London in 1680. He asks if the negro and the Indian, like the barren fig-tree, are smitten with a perpetual curse. He cites with force the case of the Ethiopian in Acts, and of Ebed-melech in Jeremiah. He also published a sermon, and concludes, "Whatever may be the issue, I have delivered my soul; and my work is with the Lord." A curious question was started in Virginia as to the efficacy of baptism, whether it did not operate the emancipation of a slave, — a new phase of the *opus operatum*. His Majesty's solicitor-general in England was consulted on it, and

gave his opinion in the negative. In 1700 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Whites, the Indians, and the Negroes in the Colonies, was chartered by William and Mary. It was composed of the most eminent men in Church and State in England, and accomplished a great work among the three races in many of the Colonies, especially in South Carolina and the Northern Colonies; but the Church, being established in Virginia, did not partake of its nursing care and protection. One hundred and eighteen sermons were preached before it by English bishops. Its very seal was a sermon. Gibson, Bishop of London in 1727, made a powerful appeal to the ministers and people of the Colonies in behalf of the religious education of the negroes. Ten thousand copies of it were distributed in America, and awakened much interest. There was once a picture in the Colonies, in which were represented the eighteen first-fruits to Christ from the heathen who had died in the faith. They were dressed in their native African costumes, and standing before the throne with palms in their hands, with this inscription: "These are redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb." I do not know what its merits were as a work of art; but the conception is beautiful, and touches the heart.¹ One of the most successful preachers in Virginia to the negroes was that great and good man the Rev. Samuel Davies, whom they delighted to hear, and who thought their singing better than oratorios, or St. Cecilia's Day. The Baptists, and

¹ Since this address was delivered, I have found this picture: it is called "The First-fruits."

the Methodists too, who came much later, had a great attraction for these Africans, and ultimately nearly monopolized them. It is well known, however, that many of the negroes were interested in the services of the Episcopal Church, and worshipped with the families of their owners. Robert (known as King) Carter owned nearly or quite a thousand slaves; and it is an interesting fact, that, when he built the historical church in Lancaster, he reserved one-third of it for his tenants and servants. When old St. Paul's Church in King George was in ruins, and had been forsaken as a place of worship, an old negro woman who had come from Africa in her childhood, and had been instructed in Christianity, and accustomed to attend the church with her mistress, gave a very touching testimonial of her attachment to the service. She used to go alone on Sunday, and sit amid the ruins, and say the prayers and chant the anthems; and, when asked why she did not go with the multitude, replied that it "did her more good to think over the old prayers, and sing the old psalms, than to go in any of the new ways." To my mind, this African woman, thus sitting and singing in the ruins of the old church, was a sublimer spectacle than that of the Roman Marius among the ruins of Carthage, of whom Velleius Paterculus has so touchingly said, —

"Marius aspiciens Carthaginem—illa intuens Marium alter alteri possent esse solatio."

Could this African Church-woman have had a foresight of what our eyes see to-day, — a miniature republic, like a light-house, on the western coast of Africa,

with a Church and Bishop-elect, most of whose pioneer settlers and whose first president were negroes Christianized in Virginia, whose capital, Monrovia, was named from a Virginian slaveholder, — and then, turning her eyes homeward, see thousands of African communicants in the South and in her own Virginia churches, and schools springing up on every side, an Episcopal Theological Seminary for her race in Petersburg, under the charge of an accomplished white professor, and ordained ministers of her race sitting by the side of their white brethren in council, she would doubtless have chanted the swan-song of Simeon, —

“ Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

THE MORAL OF THE STORY.

History is not merely a chronological narrative, a dead thing of names and dates and facts, a body without a soul. It is a living growth, from germ to shoot and stalk and flower and fruit.

The old method of writing history was to distribute it into reigns of kings and queens, and then fit the facts, by a Procrustean process, into these artificial divisions. If I were to pursue this method, I would make a chart, putting at the head of it the names of the kings and queens who reigned over the Colony, marking the date and duration of each reign. Under this line I would place the names of the Bishops of London, with the dates of their jurisdictions. I would then enumerate the parishes and their incumbents, with the date and duration of the ministry of each Clergyman in each

parish. This I have done in a manuscript book for reference. One may improve his memory by mastering all the facts of history, and never learn the lesson they teach. It is like the old method of teaching geometry in the Oldfield schools. The pupil committed to memory a proposition in Euclid as it was written in the book. He came before the blackboard, drew his diagram, and rattled off the words like a parrot, concluding with a triumphant air, *Quod erat demonstrandum*. But, if the master should unhappily change the letters of the alphabet which marked the lines and angles of the diagram, the pupil was covered with confusion. His memory, not his reason, was called into play; and he had learned nothing but words, and had no conception of the principles involved in the proposition. A great master has said that the historian should ask himself questions, set for himself problems, and try and find out what it all means.

The first moral I would deduce from the history of the Colonial Church is, that a Church without a Bishop is not an Episcopal Church at all. An Episcopal Church derives its very name from its characteristic feature, — *episcopos*, Bishop. This office is essential to its being, to its propagation, and to its discipline. Without a Bishop, its baptized members cannot be confirmed, nor can its ministers be ordained. It has no overseeing and directing head, and no centre of unity to fall back upon, and rally its broken ranks. That such a Church should be inefficient was inevitable, and to visit her sins upon her severely is unjust and cruel. Such, practically, was our Colonial Church. To say that we had a Bishop in

London, is little to the purpose, if not a mockery. The Bishop of London never made a single visitation to Virginia in a hundred and seventy-five years. During that long period there was not a confirmation or ordination in Virginia. A Colonial candidate for Orders had to incur the expense and peril of a protracted voyage to England in a frail bark. About one-fifth of all who went over for Orders never returned. Two, returning, perished almost in sight of their haven in New Jersey. One congregation in 1745 sent over a candidate, who was ordained, and, on returning, was lost at sea. They sent another in 1752, and he died on his passage from England. The same congregation sent a third (1757), who was taken by the French, and died a prisoner at Bayonne. They sent a fourth (1759), who was seized by small-pox in London, and barely escaped with his life. The famous Devereux Jarratt was near dying of the same disease in London when he went for Orders. Many promising young men, graduates of colleges, who would have taken Orders in our Church if we had had a Bishop, entered other ministries rather than encounter the peril and delay and expense of going to London. Under such circumstances it was impossible to supply our pulpit with a native ministry; and the people, who would not be without the offices of the Church, were constrained to tolerate many ministers who left their country for their country's good. In the words of a chronicler of the time (Hammond), "Many came who wore black coats, could babble in the pulpit, and roare in the tavern." Rather than entertain such ministers, many parishes preferred lay readers. Jamestown was

without an ordained minister for twenty-five years. Hence the vestries generally refused to present ministers to the governor for induction, which would have fastened the minister on the parish for life. Their only protection was, to hire them from year to year, and then put them upon their good behavior. This was a perpetual cause of strife between ministers and vestries, and of complaint by the Clergy to the governors and to the Bishops of London. They complained that the vestries were their masters. They called the lay readers "leaden lay priests" of the vestries' ordination. Bishop Wilberforce and others have echoed the complaints of the Clergy; but the truth is, that, in the absence of a Bishop and of conventions with legislative powers, these were measures of self-defence.

As an historical fact, the Bishop of London had no legal jurisdiction in the Colonies.

The Colonial governors were ordered not to suffer a minister to officiate in the plantations without a license from the Bishop of London, as a matter of convenience, several of these having been members of the Virginia Company in London. When, in 1679, the king, in a fit of favoritism, gave Virginia to Lord Culpepper, the patent included absolute power over the Church, without *any reference to the Bishop of London*. When Bishop Gibson acceded to the See of London, in 1725, he consulted the attorney-general, who reported that *jurisdiction in the Colonies did not legally belong to any Bishop in England*. He refused to act until he was empowered by a patent. But the patent was limited to his person, and expired with his life, and was never renewed; so

that he was the only Bishop that ever had lawful jurisdiction in Virginia. This is a specimen of the "nursing care and protection" of our "nursing fathers and mothers" in England. Among the many ills flowing from our want of a Bishop is the following fact, but little known. Virginia should be credited for special kindness to the Huguenot refugees, and to German Protestants who sought an asylum in her bosom. The Huguenots were given lands on James River, and had special privileges conferred upon them by the General Assembly. Like favors were bestowed upon the Germans at Gov. Spotswood's iron-works at Germanna, *the site of the first iron-furnace in America*. The Germans were Lutheran. Their minister was very old, and they wished to have a young man to aid and succeed him. They petitioned the Bishop of London to ordain a minister, and to send over with him the liturgy of the Church of England translated into high Dutch, which they wished to use in their public service. Nothing more was heard of this petition. These Germans moved to Madison County, and built the antique church now standing in good condition. The funds for building the church, and for buying a large pipe-organ, now in use, were collected by a special agent in Europe. The subscribers entered their names in a book, with the sums given; and many of them added some sentiment. It is a curious literary *melange* of diverse languages and dialects, — Latin, French, and German, Dutch and English. Some of the subscribers were eminent in the Church and in the State and in colleges. The date is 1736. *I have that book now*. If we had had a Bishop,

or if this petition had been heeded in London, we might have had to-day a flourishing German Episcopal Church in Virginia.

Another moral which this story teaches is, that proscription for religious opinion is not only wrong in principle, but an egregious blunder in policy. Christendom was a long time in finding out that religion is not the mere bending of the knee to authority, but the allegiance of the mind and heart to what seems to be the truth. From the time of Constantine it had been held throughout Christendom, that Christian princes were bound to defend and enforce the faith with the secular arm. The Reformation recognized this duty in the civil magistrate, and all Christians when dominant acted on this principle. Romanists proscribed Protestants, and the latter when in the ascendant retaliated.

The Church of England proscribed Protestant dissenters, and the latter entered into a "solemn league and covenant" to extirpate Episcopacy from the earth. The Colonial authorities in Virginia punished with fine and imprisonment dissenters from the Establishment who would not avail themselves of the provisions of the Act of Toleration. The Puritans in New England deprived Episcopalians, Baptists, and Quakers of the right of suffrage, — of the liberty of worshipping God according to their consciences, — forbade the use of the Prayer-Book and the keeping of Christmas, and put some Quakers to death. In the words of the Baptist chronicler (Leland), "The dragon roared in Virginia, but he was not red; no *blood for religious opinion ever stained our soil.*"

From the way in which the subject is sometimes treated, one would infer that religious persecution in Virginia was something exceptional, — a sin not seen elsewhere, and never to be forgiven or forgotten. The fact is ignored, that Episcopal ministers in Virginia who felt themselves bound in conscience to pray for the King were punished; as in the case of Rev. Mr. Macrae of Cumberland, who was knocked down in the night, tied, and scourged nigh unto death, and Mr. Boucher, who passed through a mob, pistol in hand, to his pulpit. These men were wrong in their opinions, but they were sufferers for conscience' sake. Patrick Henry protested against the outrage upon Macrae, and Washington respected Boucher. Men were a long time finding out, that, while power may force outward conformity, love is the only key which can unlock the human heart. Individuals among the primitive Fathers, and moderns like Locke and Jeremy Taylor, saw the truth; but they were voices crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." But even Taylor, like the Marylanders, did not embrace in his charity infidels who denied the foundations of the faith. To us it seems incredible that any one could find the Inquisition in the Gospel, and persecute their brethren in the name of a God who is love, and commands us to love one another. Every thing which obscures love is doomed to disappear. Charity is, after all, the highest mark of the true Church.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Another lesson which this story teaches is, that the union of Church and State is an unnatural union, "the

direful spring of woes unnumbered." We may liken it, as Sheridan did the coalition between Fox and Lord North, to the conjunction of certain planets which were supposed to shed a disastrous influence upon the earth. Among other ills, it was the cause of our not having a Colonial Bishop, and also of the odium brought upon the Church by its leaning upon the secular arm. If the Church of England had been free, she would have organized the Church in Virginia when we had such men as Hunt and Whittaker for the office of a Bishop, and when there was no other religious organization in the land to oppose it. But the Church of England had no power on the premises. Bishops were nominated ostensibly by the king, but really by the prime minister, who was governed by the political effect of such measures. Dissenters held the balance of power, and most politicians courted their favor. Dissenters were opposed to the appointment of Bishops in the Colonies, not only upon sectarian grounds, but also because Bishops were associated in their minds with the "Star Chamber" and "Courts of High Commission," which had long been engines of oppression in England. The appeals of the Colonists for a Bishop were piteous enough to have moved a heart of stone. There never was, they said, so large a country, with so many Christians in it, without a Bishop. "Do, we implore you, take away our reproach among the enemies of our Church." The Roman Catholics had a Bishop in Canada. The Moravians had a Bishop. The staff of the Spanish Church in America consisted, as early as 1649, of six Archbishops and thirty-two Bishops, while the Church of England had not one.

Clarendon induced Charles II. to appoint a Bishop for Virginia; and Dr. Murray, the king's companion in exile, was nominated, and the patent made out by the lord keeper (Bridgeman). But Bridgeman was removed before the measure was perfected. When Commissary Blair begged the attorney-general to consider that "the Americans had souls to be saved, as well as Englishmen," Seymour replied, "Souls? D— your souls! make tobacco." Of the famous "Cabal Ministry" (so called because the initials of their names spelled that word), one was an atheist, one a deist, one a Roman Catholic, and one a Presbyterian; and this composite cabinet controlled the appointment of Bishops. In Queen Anne's time the measure was once more on the eve of consummation, but was frustrated by her death.

The Dissenters had a standing committee to agitate against Colonial Bishops. Bishops Butler, Gibson, and Secker thought they had devised a scheme which would remove the objections of the Dissenters; but it came to nought. Nothing could better illustrate the temper of the politicians than the treatment of the saintly Dr. Berkeley by the wily Walpole. Berkeley had procured a private subscription fund of five thousand pounds for a college in America for the education of Indians. The British Government had given him a charter, and promised to add twenty thousand pounds to the endowment. Berkeley came to Newport, and waited several years for the money. In the mean time he built a house, now standing. He spent his time in writing his "Minute Philosopher," and composed the poem beginning, —

“Westward the course of empire takes its way.”

Becoming weary of waiting, he induced Bishop Gibson to call upon Walpole, and demand an explicit answer. Walpole said to Gibson, "If you ask me as prime minister, I say the money should be surely paid; but if you ask me as a friend, I advise Dr. Berkeley by all means to give up his present expectations." I need not recite the history of the subject further.

The dissatisfaction of Churchmen in America at the frivolous indifference of the British ministry, and the rising spirit of independence among the people generally, stimulated by a feeling which culminated in the "Stamp Act," made any further agitation of the subject so inexpedient that even a convocation of the Virginia Clergy voted against it, and received the thanks of the General Assembly, which was composed chiefly of Churchmen. It has been said by several historians, upon the authority of Mr. Jefferson, that, at the time of the Revolution, Dissenters outnumbered Churchmen two to one. Jefferson afterwards (vol. i. p. 31) reduced his conjecture to a bare majority. His biographer, Professor Tucker, treats both estimates as clearly erroneous. William C. Rives, in his "Life and Times of James Madison," says the opinion of Mr. Madison is doubtless more to be relied on. "The proportion of Dissenters was considerably less than one-half of those who professed themselves members of any church." Mr. Saunders, the eminent lawyer of Williamsburgh, says, "It is manifest, from the history of the day and from the legislative proceedings, that the great majority of the representatives who dissolved Church and State were Episcopalians, and that they clung to the Church as long as they

could." This will explain the gradual dissolution of Church and State. The Bill of Rights, which, Mr. Grigsby says, contains in essence the history in miniature of England's struggle for liberty, struck the first blow. Then followed acts suspending, from time to time, the salaries of ministers; then the Act of Incorporation, open to all Christians; then propositions for a general assessment for support of religion, for the benefit of all sects alike, which was defeated by a remonstrance prepared by Madison at the instance of Mason and Nicholas; then, in 1799, the act repealing all laws since the Revolution touching church property.

Bishop Meade compared the roll of delegates with the vestry-books, and said nearly the whole of them were vestrymen. It is certain that the president (Pendleton) and draughtsmen of the Revolution, the chairman of the committee of the whole (Cary), its mover (Nelson), and its leading advocate (Henry) were.

The great work of the Convention was the Bill of Rights and the first written Constitution. The master-spirit of the Convention was George Mason, who drew the famed Declaration of Rights, which declares that "Religion is the duty we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it can be directed only by reason and conviction, and not by force; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience." The word "toleration" was stricken out of the original draught on motion of Mr. Madison. The Convention expunged from the liturgy the prayer for the king, appointed Patrick Henry governor, and surrounded him with a

council consisting of the following vestrymen: John Page, Dudley Digges, Jno. Taylor, John Blair, Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, Benjamin Harrison of Brandon, Charles Carter of Shirley, Edmund Randolph attorney-general. It has been the habit of some writers, to represent the Episcopalians as struggling in a body to save the Establishment. This is an error and an injustice. The contests in the Legislature were between Churchmen and Churchmen. Patrick Henry and Pendleton and Nicholas tried to save something from the wreck. Churchmen like Mason and Madison were leaders in securing religious freedom. Nicholas joined with Mason in asking Madison to prepare the remonstrance which defeated the assessments. The last tie was severed by the confiscation of the glebes in 1802,—a measure which would have been decided to be unconstitutional, but for the sudden death of Pendleton with the opinion of the court in his pockets. The present speaker thinks that the confiscation of the glebes was right, they having been paid for by a tax on all the people.

I would not pluck one laurel from the brow of any champion of civil and religious liberty. The leaders, as Washington, Mason, the Lees, etc., were members of the Church of England. But the Dissenters, whose necks were galled, spurred the leaders to a quicker pace, giving an onward motion to the car; while the Conservatives kept it from running off the track.

I will now try and sum up the whole subject in a bold figure.

In the Scandinavian mythology, the human family is likened to a tree, which is called "Igdrasil," the ash-

tree of existence. Carlyle admired the metaphor very much, as if it had been original. It is a favorite figure in the Bible, where it is applied to individuals, dynasties, and races. A good man is likened to a tree by the water-side, that will bring forth its fruit in due season; a prosperous wicked man, to a spreading green bay-tree. The prophets use it profusely. Ezekiel, by a very bold metaphor, compares the Assyrian to a cedar of Lebanon whose height rose above all the trees of the field, and there was not one like to it in its beauty. It was made great by the waters running around its roots, and under its manifold boughs and wide-spreading branches the nations came and dwelt. Daniel has the same figure of a tree whose top touched heaven, and was seen to the ends of the earth. Encouraged by such examples, I venture to give a new application to the figure. As I have meditated upon the history of Virginia and of our fatherland, in my fond fancy I seemed to see it rise before me in the form of a grand old Druidical oak, with its original Celtic root in the caves of the old Britons, grafted in succession by Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman shoots, fertilized by a stream of culture whose spring was Athens, and by another stream whose fountain was in Jerusalem, both conveyed in Roman aqueducts. By a marvellous power of assimilation, it incorporated all these heterogeneous elements into one homogeneous growth. It gradually and grandly rose through the centuries, stretching forth its weather-beaten arms to the peltings of the pitiless ravages of time, war, flood, and fires of persecution; and yet it survived, and brought forth fruit,—good fruit and evil fruit. Civil

excrescences disfigured it, superstitious mistletoes fastened and fed upon its vitals; and yet it grew great men and great measures,—Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Trial by Jury, Habeas Corpus, and the like,—every bud a book, every leaf a literature, every bough a biography. As in Daniel's figure a great eagle with great wings came and plucked off the twigs from the topmost bough, and transplanted them in a land of traffic in a good soil by great waters; so, in the fulness of time, offshoots from the old oak were transplanted all along the coast of America, and first here in Virginia. In the virgin soil of the New World they struck their roots deeply, and grew vigorously for nearly two hundred years, reproducing the like phenomena, with civil excrescences, superstitious mistletoe, and also great men and great measures. But when the hour had struck in heaven, as in the case of Daniel's tree, the watcher came down from heaven, and cried with a loud voice, "Hew down the tree, but leave the root; and when seven times have passed, when iniquity is broken off, and mercy is showed the poor, and men know that the Heavens do rule, the dew shall fall upon it, and it shall grow again." So the axe was laid to our tree; and it tottered under blows reluctantly struck by loving hands, for seven years, before its final fall. But the root was left; and from it has sprung our Liberty Tree, bearing freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion.

"Welcome, great Century of Liberty,
Thou fairest daughter of slow-teeming Time!"

This is our century-plant, which has interlocked its

branches with all the other transplants which together cover the continent, and afford shade and shelter and food for all the nations. And they have come, and are coming, — Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The world has never witnessed an emigration like that to America, since the first dispersion of mankind. They are swarming in a tide as resistless and unreturning as the travellers to eternity. “Those who are left behind seem to feel a melancholy restlessness, like a bird whose wing is crippled at the season of migration; and a voice like that heard before the final destruction of Jerusalem seems to cry in their ears, Arise, let us depart hence.” These heterogeneous peoples of every clime, kindred, and tongue, mingling together, like the disintegration of different rocks, ought to make a richer soil for a greater growth in the future than has been seen in the past. The time may come when it may overspread South America, and one pulse and one spirit circulate from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle, and America realize the dream of Cromwell for England, and become the grand *propaganda de fide* for the inhabited world, sending back a reflux tide of Christian people speaking all tongues to the ends of the earth.

But what became of the vine that leaned upon the old tree for support? When the old tree around which it was twined fell, it was torn from its embrace, trailed upon the ground, and trampled in the dust, until it was thought that the life was crushed out of her. And men took up the lamentation of the Psalmist, — “Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. . . . She sent out her boughs

unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast Thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? . . . Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine. . . . It is cut down. . . . Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand, upon the son of man whom Thou madest strong for Thyself. . . . Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy name." And the prayer was heard. So soon as it was remembered that the source of vitality was not the State, but the Christ, — "I am the vine, ye are the branches," — the life-current began to flow, and "the vine revived like the corn, grew like the barley; its scent was as of the wine of Lebanon, to say nothing of occasional feasts upon the 'clusters of Eshcol.'"

To drop this long-drawn figure, and come down to plain prose, let me say, that, as our Church no longer leans upon the secular arm, but is self-supporting, — clothed only with the armor of God, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, with her feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, — we may humbly hope that she, as a part of the sacramental host of God's elect, may win victories against the rulers of the darkness of this world, if not upon so grand a scale, yet like those which the primitive Church won on the fields of Europe, Asia, and Africa, when she first was free.

Fifteen hundred years of civil and religious despotism, and one hundred years of liberty, have prepared our weak eyes for the new transfiguration, when, — as the sun, as he rises, draws up the vapors till they hide his face, and at noon scatters them, revealing the landscape

in its beauty,—so the “fulness of the Godhead” in Jesus shall blaze through the veil of flesh, chase away the vapors with which the passions of men have clouded His face, and He shall be recognized as the central Sun of the universe, before whom all creatures in heaven and earth shall bow, and “every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN VIRGINIA FROM 1785 TO THE DEATH OF BISHOP MEADE.

ADDRESS BY REV. T. G. DASHIELL.

THIS narrative must of necessity include events within the memory of some who are now living. It is a history which brings before us what some might call the romance, and which all should regard as the heroism, of religious annals.

No proper idea can be formed of such a history of our Church, unless we can have, to some extent, an adequate statement of its circumstances at the date when the narrative begins.

The war of the Revolution had been practically concluded about two years when the Convention of 1785 assembled.

It was a Convention without a head, representing a Diocese without organization, and laboring under a pressure of poverty, of disheartening distress, and of opposition, which compels one to present a mournful picture of our beloved Church as she was then, in her struggles.

No class of citizens had to feel the desolations of war as severely as those who composed our Episcopal congregations. As a matter of necessity, no church

emerged from that war as much demoralized as our own. No church was so stripped of the means of material support. Our church edifices were dismantled, most of the congregations dispersed, and many of the clergy were reduced to the hard alternative of starving in their abundant fields, or of themselves becoming deserters of our altars. This poverty, this material wretchedness, was bad enough; but worse than this was the poverty in religious principle, the scant appearances of piety, the feeble, flickering flame of devotion, the symptoms of approaching death of reverence and godliness. All history tells how the desolations of war are more sadly and more plainly left upon a people in this respect than in any other. Fields that have been wasted can soon be made to rejoice with a teeming harvest; homes and towns demolished may speedily be renewed: but the waste of character, the destruction of morality, how slowly is such a loss repaired! In addition to this formidable negative evil, the destruction of religious character was the more formidable positive evil of opposition to Christianity.

Let the garden alone, and not only will the flowers die out, but weeds will grow apace. Let religious culture alone, and not only will the Church become enfeebled, but sin will be vitalized. Not only will the garden of the Lord fail to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, but the fair fields will be overrun with the noxious growth of indifference, of profligacy, of infidelity.

We cannot fully describe the condition of things when, in May, 1785, the Convention met to re-organize this Diocese. But let a few facts be stated, — facts which, perhaps, can be easily remembered. When Virginia

committed herself to the war of the Revolution in 1776, the Diocese had ninety-five parishes, one hundred and sixty-four churches and chapels, and ninety-one clergymen. At the time I speak of, she found many of her churches utterly destroyed, or so injured as to render the work of repair entirely impracticable. This destruction or irreparable damage might have been expected as a consequence of the seven-years' war, but in some cases there was no such excuse admissible. Besides this loss of church property, she found twenty-three out of ninety-five parishes out of existence. They were extinct, their organization gone. Of the remaining seventy-two parishes, thirty-four were without ministerial supply. Of her ninety-one clergymen, only twenty-eight remained. As to these twenty-eight, there was such a feeling of bitterness toward some of them, that thirteen had to leave the parishes which they had served, and seek employment and support in some of the vacant fields. This left only fifteen in the cure of the parishes which they held during the war. Eight others came in, which increased the total number of the clergy to thirty-six. This was the exact number that, with seventy-one laymen, made up the Convention of 1785.

What a work they undertook! To build up a Diocese upon ground absolutely vacant, may necessitate hard toil; but how much more difficult where there must first be cleared away the *débris* occasioned by material destruction, by intellectual and moral confusion! To reconstruct, any one can see how far that may exceed the labor and discouragement of any effort at first construc-

tion. Our brethren of that day went with courage to their undertaking.

The Rev. Dr. James Madison was president. A large committee was appointed to prepare rules and regulations for the Church in the Commonwealth, and also to report upon the proceedings of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held in New York in October, 1784. The Convention declared itself willing to unite with the other Dioceses in the organization of the general Church.

It took positive ground as to its independence as a Diocese by declaring, that, in its opinion, "The canons of the Church of England have no obligations on the Protestant Episcopal Church in this Commonwealth." That resolution stands unrepealed.

An earnest and pathetic address was sent forth to the friends of the Church in the Diocese, appealing to them to come up to its help; that it had languished from neglect, but that its friends were doubtless true, and therefore were confided in as men and women who would not desert the object of their choice. It pointed to the glebes and the affections of the Church-people as all that was left to the Diocese; yet, with assurance that this Church is the plant which God Himself had planted, and which we in His name must nurture, and which must bless mankind and glorify the Master, the people are urgently entreated to come up to the arduous work.

Some of the canons and orders of this first Convention may be worthy of citation. One of them required a Bishop to hold a parish, affirming that a Bishop's office differs nothing from that of other ministers of God,

except the power of ordaining and confirming. That opinion was afterwards revoked.

Ministers were not allowed to leave their parishes longer than a month without the consent of the vestry.

Ministers were required to wear a surplice during time of prayer at public worship, and a gown whilst preaching.

No action was taken, at this Convention, toward what would seem the first act in the work of re-organization; viz., the election of a Bishop.

The next year, however, that important step was taken. There was an attendance far less than in 1785, — only sixteen clergy and forty-seven laymen. It continued in session a week, and on its last day elected as Bishop the Rev. Dr. David Griffith.

Dr. Griffith was elected but never consecrated. He was a good man, and would, no doubt, have been earnest and zealous in rebuilding the Church; but such was the low condition of the Diocese that means could not be raised to send him to Europe for consecration. He went to Philadelphia as a delegate from Virginia to the General Convention in 1789, and whilst in that city was taken to his eternal rest.

It would be impossible to set before you any detailed history of these years. Still I think it practicable, within the limits that may be allowed me, to recite with distinctness the most important subjects that ought to be borne in mind. I will then state that a review of the decade from 1785 to 1795 presents, first, an accumulation of hinderances and difficulties, constituting a dreary page in religious history, together with a very

discouraging condition at the end of that time. The work done by the conventions was carefully and wisely matured. No blame can attach to the good men who legislated for the Diocese. Their enactments especially worth recording here are as follows:—

I. A determination to have Episcopal supervision as soon as possible. This was carried into action by the election of Dr. Griffith in 1786, and in 1790, the year after his death, by the election of Dr. James Madison. Bishop Madison was consecrated in September, 1790; and upon his return to Virginia the Diocese found itself for the first time really officered as an Episcopal Church, although that Church had existed in Virginia for a hundred and eighty-four years.

II. Aggressive plans were formulated with a view to reaching and improving every county in the State. The whole Diocese was in 1786 laid off into districts. These were twenty-four in number, called presbyteries. Each district contained several counties, and was placed under a minister, called its "visitor." His duty was to assemble annually the Clergy in these counties, that they might consider and adopt the best measures for the purposes had in view.

III. Instructions of a solemn and pungent nature were pressed upon the laity with real apostolic fervor by Bishop Madison, insisting upon their earnest co-operation in the work of Church revival. He entreats them to have life and ardor in worship; to be liberal in giving to the support of the Church, in order, that, through a standing ministry, there might be secured to the parents, to their children, and their children's children, the

great blessings of the Gospel of Christ. More solemn instructions even than these were pressed upon the Ministry, to be *preachers of the Gospel*, not readers of sermons; to be animated in rendering the services of the liturgy; to promote interest in the singing; to urge regularity and devoutness as to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; to declare the whole counsel of God; to be prudent, gentle, yet fearless in discipline; and, above all, to be patterns of all good works. Certainly the plans were well laid. That they met with no immediate encouragement, does not detract from their meetness.

Now we must turn for a moment from the excellence of these measures, to the peculiar and persistent opposition these good men had to face.

I. There was the growing indifference of many in the Church itself. Iniquity abounded, and the love of many waxed cold. The influence of Church-members was against, not for, the Church, which calls itself holy. Even when Christians live their best, and work most zealously, it will often be necessary to ask, "Who hath believed our report?" When they have no zeal except for self-indulgence or worldly enjoyment, there is no testimony for her about which the question can be raised. There has never been a time in which there was not this discouragement, but it was peculiarly so in the early years of our present Diocese.

II. Then the Church was *actively* hindered by some whom she had a right to regard as friends. It was in this way: An Act of Incorporation had been granted to her prior to 1785. It soon became an occasion of a great outcry. The other denominations were especially

clamorous; and some highly distinguished men, who beyond doubt preferred the Episcopal Church to any other, helped to swell the tumult. How far they were influenced by a desire to gain the approval, and so to gain the votes, of “*οι πολλοι*,” we need not speculate. It is the fact, that, in a somewhat indirect way, men of place and power brought the force of their talent and the prestige of their antecedents to aid in striking down our Church in those trying days.

III. Another great trouble was the low state of religion everywhere, and in all denominations, in the Commonwealth. The enmity towards the Episcopal Church seems, in great part, to have led to this. Very possibly some who reviled and persecuted us may have thought they were doing God service. They may have supposed, that, if they could only crush our Church, they could establish a purer and more spiritual order of things. But beyond all question they made a sad mistake. The war upon us seems to have engendered universal unfriendliness to all that was holy and of good report. It gives me no pleasure to recite the actual condition of things at that time, but truth compels me to quote from the record. Says Devereux Jarratt, in writing upon this subject, “It must be apparent to every man, that *religion* was more respected and revered, and had a greater influence on the manners of men in general, while the Church had the countenance of the State, than now.”

He depicts faithfully the mournful condition of the Episcopal Church; but as a faithful historian, he asserts that there is nothing better to be declared of other

Christian bodies. Says he, "There is an awful falling-off on every hand." Upon Presbyterian authority he learned that religion was at a low ebb among them. The Baptists, he ascertained, were equally declining. The Methodists were splitting, and falling to pieces. As revival in any one evangelical body is sure to radiate its warmth and to extend its re-animating power, so spiritual deadness makes itself just as surely felt. This was a great, perhaps the greatest, discouragement in the earlier part of Bishop Madison's episcopate.

IV. Another and sadly discouraging part of the Church history in this decade was the persistent and finally successful attempt at spoiling the Church of her property in the glebes. This was all that was left her to aid in the maintenance of her impoverished Clergy, and upon these possessions the eyes of her enemies fastened with the unyielding determination to wrest them from her. Whilst the contest between the Church and her persecutors goes beyond this decade, it still must be considered as part of the first ten years after her re-organization. It is painful to know that Christian bodies were the chief promoters of this great wrong, and the employers of the specious, uncandid arguments by which the spoliation was at last accomplished. I speak of the arguments as specious and uncandid: so they were. The technical point raised by the prosecutors, that exclusive rights and privileges could not be conferred upon a Church, was abundantly met by the reply, that no exclusive privilege had been conferred upon this Church in allowing it merely to hold its own property.

The statement that most of the glebes were originally purchased by "the people," and that they ought to be disposed of according to the wishes of a majority of "the people," was also abundantly met by the reminder that many of the glebes were private donations, and that "the people" whose taxes bought the others were Episcopalians, as there were no other Church-people in the Colony at that time. The controversy went over to 1802, when an Act was passed under which the glebes were confiscated.

I must stop at this point to close the history of the first decade.

The depressions of the Church, by all that I have mentioned, showed their effect in the decreasing attendance upon the conventions. In 1795 we have no record of any such meeting. Beaten against by all the assaults upon her peace, the Church declined; so that at the end of ten years there was not enough of life or force to bring her sons together.

It may be well to notice here, that there were, in all, ten such omissions of the annual convention; which explains the fact, that, whilst this is our one-hundredth anniversary, it is our ninetyeth council.

Now I shall endeavor to group together the facts that are embraced in the history from 1785 to 1814. In 1802 the Church spoliation was legalized. A remarkable providence, in the death of Judge Pendleton of the Supreme Court, whose voice would have been for us, left that court divided when the case was brought before them on appeal. He died the night before the decision was to be rendered, and the equal division of the court

allowed the Act of 1802 to stand. Says the record, "Under this Act, not only glebes, but churches, and even communion plate, have been sold. The purchasers of the glebes have, in every instance where a sale was made, paid almost nothing for them. After all that has been done, how has the public been benefited, either in a moral or a pecuniary way? If it has been benefited, let those who can, show it. It is denied that the public has in any way derived the least benefit from the sale of any of the glebes which have been sold. It is well known that in some counties money has got into the hands of some of the overseers of the poor, and there it has remained."

Says Dr. Hawks in his history, "Nay, at this moment, should we ask where are the vessels which were once consecrated to the service of Almighty God, to be used in that holy sacrament which the Redeemer instituted for a perpetual memory, etc., what must be the answer? The sacred vessels of the temple have been scattered; they have passed, in some instances, into impious hands. A reckless sensualist has administered the morning dram to his guests from the silver cup which has often contained the consecrated symbol of his Saviour's blood. In another instance the entire set of communion plate of one of the old churches went into the hands of a non-Episcopal family."

The Convention agitated the question until 1805, when it abandoned the cause as hopeless. Wrongs of this kind were not contemplated by the law of 1802, but they were the consequences of that law. It was during Bishop Madison's episcopate that the Church, with the

aid of the very ablest counsel, was engaged in the fruitless effort to maintain her rights.

Of course, the effect of such a bitter contest upon the spiritual condition of a Diocese would be very great. The Church-members were angered by what seemed a relentless persecution, and by a shameful yielding of legislators to mere popular clamor. The re-action upon themselves was lamentable, and is shown in the decline of Church interest and religious affection, especially in the failure of a number of conventions to meet in the years intervening from 1798 to 1812.

How far the spirit of the Bishop himself was affected by these adversities, does not appear from the record. He must have felt them very oppressively; but he seems, however, to have been unwearied in exhortation to his Clergy, and to the Diocese at large; pleading for the cultivation of holiness, of an unfeigned devotion to the work that was upon them; urging all to more constant efforts for the Church of their affections.

As an illustration of the greatness of Bishop Madison's desires for the good of all men, and of his large-hearted catholicity, it will be proper to mention his introduction to his convention of the idea of bringing about an union of all Christian churches. His words I need not quote: they will be found in his address to the Convention of 1793. As he very likely ascertained in advance that his Diocese regarded his hopes as altogether beyond the possibility of realization, and that none of the Christian bodies of the day were prepared to second his opinions, he rested content with the mere publication of his own thoughts, but suggested nothing in the way of a matured plan.

In 1806 a convention was called to elect an assistant to Bishop Madison, who felt the infirmities of age increasing so as to render him unequal to the manifold burdens of his office as he was then circumstanced.

His episcopal duties at that period of our history were of necessity very arduous. The anxieties on account of his peculiar difficulties, his cares for his ministers, and his distress at the decline of the Church, greatly augmented this heavy pressure.

In addition to all these, he had charge of the interests of William and Mary College. For these reasons he asked the Diocese, poor as it was, to consider the weakness of his failing body, and to elect a colleague to share the duties of his office. If the Convention of 1806 met, it left no record. It quite certainly never met. The Convention of 1805, which appointed an election for 1806, had only sixteen Clergy and twenty-three laymen. The question of giving Bishop Madison an assistant was not again considered. Indeed, so great was the decline of the Church, that from 1806 to 1811 it seems that there was no convention at all. These were emphatically the dark days of Episcopacy in Virginia. The Bishop was gradually sinking in health, and he and his few Clergy appear to have yielded almost to despair in reference to bringing the Church up from the dust. In the year 1811 the General Convention in New Haven expressed the fear that the Church in Virginia was gone.

Two months before the time for the Convention of 1812, Bishop Madison's death occurred. As is often the case in affliction, this event seemed to act as an emphatic call to the few resolute spirits who were left

in the Diocese ; and on the 13th of May in that year, a special convention assembled in Richmond. They were few in number : thirteen Clergymen and twelve laymen were all who were gotten together. It was a small gathering, but it is not for God to work by many or by few. The character rather than the numerical proportions of an assembly gives presage of results. Quality, not quantity, is the great desideratum in times of trial. I have nothing to say as to the members, generally, of the Convention of 1812 ; but in that little council there was one young man whose name for the first time appears in our journals. From the start, he gave proof of the material of which he was made. The impression of his simple, sturdy piety, his unselfish devotion, his unfaltering courage, his unyielding determination, was most decided. No wonder he went right to the front as a prince and a leader in those difficult times ; for, if ever a man was endowed with all the gifts to make him pre-eminent as a hero in the cause of truth, that man was *William Meade*.

The chief result of the Convention was the election of the Rev. John Bracken, D.D., to the episcopate. Whether the choice was a suitable one or not, we are at this date unable to say, as Dr. Bracken resigned at the next convention (May, 1813) and gave the Church no opportunity to judge him. The assembly this time was smaller than it had been the year before, only eight Clergy and nine laymen being present. Bishop Meade says in 1845, " This convention adjourned, and its members scarce expected ever again to meet for ecclesiastical purposes." The feeling of utter despondency as to the

Church seems again to have asserted itself. No attempt was made to elect a Bishop to take the place resigned by Dr. Bracken. It looked as though the time for surrender, complete and unconditional, had come.

But man's extremity is God's opportunity. This feeble convention prepared the way for the gathering next year, when, under the guidance of Divine Providence, a choice was made for Bishop in the person of Dr. Richard Channing Moore. This started the Diocese on a new career, which was the first step in the steady onward march of success in which it has kept ever since.

This series of years, from 1785 to 1814, was an era of strife, litigation, distress, and feebleness. In the constant fight that was kept up for the plainest rights, and the ceaseless wear and tear of effort to keep the Church alive, what a weary life that of Bishop, Clergy, and devoted laymen must have been!

In the series of years which will mark our third epoch, beginning with 1814 and going on to 1829, we find a history having something of the signs of cheer, along with many accompaniments of hardship. There were prejudices far and wide through the Commonwealth, against us, and these had to be endured or overcome. There were scattered communities longing for the Church and her services, but too feeble to maintain them. There was the call heard from almost every part of the Diocese, for ministerial help, and there were neither the men nor the money with which to respond. There were great difficulties; but, for all that, the Church took a movement *forward*. A new interest was awakened, new desires kindled; so that it is not surprising

to us now, as we look back upon those days, and see the tokens of cheer, to hear Bishop Moore say, in his first address to his Convention, —

“ In every parish which I have visited, I have discovered the most animated wish in the people to repair the waste places of our Zion, and to restore the Church of our fathers to its primitive purity and excellence.

“ I have found their minds alive to the truths of religion, and have discovered an attachment to our excellent liturgy exceeding my utmost expectations. I have witnessed a sensibility to Divine things, bordering on the spirit of gospel times. I have seen congregations, upon the mention of that glory which once irradiated with its beams the Church of Virginia, burst into tears, and, by their holy emotions, perfectly electrify my mind.”

Where there is revival, we expect to see the signs of returning power, of recuperating vigor and energy. The old Diocese was not wanting in such evidences of returning vigor as would justify the ardent hopes of Bishop Moore. Touching upon the most important facts in the years now under notice, we see especial proofs of encouragement in the organizations that were invoked to expedite the building-up of our Church. First, there was in 1816 a Prayer-Book and Tract Society. It was intended to be general at first,—a society under the control of the Convention: next year, however, each parish in the Diocese was urged to form auxiliaries, and to have parish officers as patrons, friends, and helpers. We have the accounts of it going on for some twenty years, when it fell in with, and became part of, the great missionary work of the Diocese. In the year which tells of this society, we find Bishop Moore reporting seven hundred and thirty confirmations.

Another and far more important society organized in these years was that which is known to us now as the Virginia Education Society.

If it is true now, it would all the more certainly be true when our Church was struggling as it did about seventy years ago, that not many of those looking to the ministry of the Gospel would be blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. Nor was our Church then so favored as to be able to help worthy and needy candidates for Orders. The Diocese was poor, and was begging for ministers. "In order to meet a twofold necessity, it was recommended in 1818 that such of the Clergy as are settled should receive young men into their families for the purpose of assisting them in their studies; which young persons, when properly qualified, may be licensed by the Bishop as lay readers, by which means the Clergy would be occasionally enabled to make excursions into distant and vacant parishes without leaving their own charge entirely unprovided for, and would have this further advantage, that these students would join practice with theory."

Here was the germ of our Education Society. I call it ours, and so it is. But it may seem strange to the readers of our journals, that we nowhere find any mention made of its organization in our proceedings. Allusions to it are frequent, but no account is given as to when or by whom this noble institution of our Diocese was originated. We must go outside of our official records to learn what was the pressing necessity for relief to the young men who were offering themselves for God's work; and then, who were the Christian men

that proved themselves in such emergency as men of God, who could teach Israel what to do. In the year 1818 (the same as that in which there was made to our Convention the recommendation above referred to), there was in the city of Washington a gathering of Clergymen and laymen to take part in the laying of a corner-stone of a church. Upon that occasion, and by the brethren there assembled, the Education Society was formed. It was then, as we perceive, in its beginning, not purely and entirely a Virginia society; still its organization looked to action more especially in Virginia, and subsequent events caused this Diocese to be altogether the field of its operations. Its work centred here, and hence it became *ex necessitate* the Virginia Education Society. The testimony given to this society as far back as 1836 was, that it never failed to afford assistance to every properly qualified applicant, and has aided more than one-tenth of all the Clergy in this country. In supporting students, it helped to support the seminary. "For many years," says Dr. Packard, "it supported not only its beneficiaries, but, in a great measure, our professors. It is still doing a noble and greatly enlarged work."

It would seem perfectly natural just here to speak of our seminary, the most valuable of all our institutions, and the one with which the Education Society was and yet is especially connected.

It comes within the period that we are now considering, and will claim attention. But there is another part of the history of these years which comes in for prior notice, according to the record in our journals. It is

a record which shows a growth, not of numbers or of resources, but of character; which evinces a regard for purity, rather than for mere potency. It is a fact well known to every student, and to every observer of the conduct of religious bodies, that they are often inclined to yield to the temptation to aggrandize themselves numerically at the expense of principle. There has been in all the ages a disposition to lower the fence so that outsiders may easily get in, and then an over-readiness to keep them in when they ought to be excluded. It is probable that there was, for various reasons, a relaxation of discipline in the years subsequent to the Revolution, which was likely to end in the removal of all marks of distinction between the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of Christ. It was in the year 1818—the same year that saw the birth of the Education Society—that we can see an awakening in our Diocese as to the perils of worldliness, and the duty of Christians to take and to hold the position which should be held by God's peculiar people. It was an awakening which showed the courage, the earnestness, and all the energy of true revival. The Convention adopted a resolution which spoke in trumpet tones against the vices of the times,—horse-racing, gaming, public balls, and theatres. It condemned these as having the effect of staining the purity of Christian character, of giving offence to our pious Christian brethren, and of endangering our own salvation by rushing voluntarily into those temptations against which we implore the protection of our heavenly Father.

We can judge what must have been the spirit of that

Convention, by reading the ineffectual efforts made by parliamentary tactics to stave off any action upon this subject, and also by reading the long substitute prepared by a distinguished layman, in which the topics were plainly argued, but argued to no purpose, from a standpoint of compromise. The resolution uttering the voice of the Diocese, solemnly pleading against these modes of worldly conformity, was adopted, and stands as our Church record in those days. The mind of the Diocese was more solemnly expressed upon this subject by the adoption of the nineteenth canon in 1850. At the same time in this series of years that the voice of Clergy and laity was uplifted to make confession of Christ something more than a mere profession, there was a resolution adopted looking to a more aggressive policy upon the part of the Diocese to make its religious power felt. It is only one of the many evidences in Christian history, that, if we purify character, we magnify our efforts; the more we reach after the spirit of Christ, the more we will imitate the works of Christ. The proposition, as it came before the Convention of 1819, was a very simple, very crude attempt to organize for mission-work in the Diocese. It was a scheme quite sure to be impracticable, as it made no centre of mission effort as we now have, but merely called upon each congregation to form societies. Still it shows how the heart of the Diocese was beating. Thank God for any endeavor, rather than total inaction and indifference! It struck the keynote of concern for our feeble churches, for our places that were desolate and out of the way, and led gradually on to the organization of our Diocesan

Missionary Society, which will directly come before us for a more particular notice.

Simply in the observance of chronological order, I must recite here the steps which led to the establishment of our Theological Seminary. As the Diocese under the episcopate of Bishop Moore continued to realize the fulfilment of the glowing prophecies to which from time to time that venerable father in God gave utterance, as the demand for pastors continued to increase, there seemed to be a growing sentiment in the Diocese favoring the establishment of a divinity school, to be our own, under our own auspices, and intended especially to supply our own pressing needs. In May, 1820, the Convention adopted resolutions expressing its sense of the importance of a pious and well-educated ministry, also favoring most earnestly the prospect of having a professor of William and Mary College employed for such a purpose. The resolutions further announced the gratifying assurance that liberal offers of assistance had been made to students of all denominations who would seek their care.

Next year the Committee on the State of the Church formally recommended the establishment of a theological school at Williamsburgh. They further nominated a board of trustees; recommended that correspondence be opened with the standing committees of the Dioceses of Maryland and North Carolina, to ascertain whether these Dioceses would not co-operate in the important measure thus projected; and also proposed to appoint Mr. John Nelson, jun., to solicit subscriptions throughout the Diocese. These recommendations were all adopted;

and, whilst that with reference to seeking the co-operation of the adjoining Dioceses was acted upon, the result was, that the next year, 1822, the Convention adopted a constitution for the seminary, which after due consideration and amendment was named "The Constitution of the Theological School of the Diocese of Virginia."

Thus our school of the prophets was as an institution formally established, and, by the election of Dr. Keith as instructor, made part of our diocesan machinery. Appointments made in connection with our present council render it altogether unnecessary for me to give any protracted account of our seminary. I merely state, therefore, that it was in 1824 removed from Williamsburgh to Alexandria, in 1827 from Alexandria to its present location. It has gone on prospering in its gain of friends, in its gathering of funds, and in training and equipping young men for the Gospel ministry. It has been at times straitened for means, but never has it become so much so as to be seriously threatened with embarrassment. At times it suffered losses of funds that were left to it in wills, because of not being incorporated. This continued up to the year 1845, when it received a charter under an Act incorporating the trustees of the Theological Seminary of Virginia and of the High School.

It is sad to think, where departed friends manifestly wished to help on such a work of God, that any survivors would avail themselves of technicalities to keep God's work from that which was bequeathed. Yet our seminary was made to suffer often from this cause. A charter was the great thing needed to protect it. Here.

too, is another unpleasant part of our history. Any one in these days would think that Protestants of any and every name would have been glad to see the protection of the law thrown around our seminary. Certainly no one would be likely to imagine that Christians would desire to see any thing done or omitted that would give trouble to our Church school; much less would we expect to see any Christians take an interest in contributing, by their influence and by their speech, to our Church's detriment. It is a fact, however, that when Bishop Meade, with his friends, tried hard and tried repeatedly to have something done by the State Legislature to save us from losses, the effort was met and thwarted chiefly by a prominent divine of a Christian denomination. This had to be endured until 1854, when the Legislature gave the seminary and high school their charter.

These statements bring us down to years that are beyond that to which I pointed as the limit of the series now considered; but it will be easy for us now to return to that time, whereas it could not be easy to disconnect the seminary's history in 1825 from that of thirty years later. In order to insure his support, Bishop Moore had charge of the Monumental Church; and in 1824 asked for a parochial assistant, in order that he might give more time to visiting destitute parts of the Diocese. The Church in Virginia, he felt assured, would find many who would gladly contribute to a fund for such a purpose; one-half of the expense he agreed to pay himself.

In 1828 he felt more his need of help, and, calling attention to his age and infirmities, asked the Diocese to allow him the more important aid that would be given by

an Assistant Bishop. He said, "It is my desire that a Bishop should be appointed during my life; and, as such an appointment can now be made with perfect unanimity, it is expedient it should be done. It will give me pleasure to unite in labor with the man of your choice. It will render me happy in the hour of my departure, to know the individual to whom I am to resign the arduous duties of the episcopate, to whose care this peaceful, quiet Diocese shall be committed."

Next year, 1829, his request was granted; and the Convention with remarkable accord elected the Rev. William Meade, D.D., as the Assistant Bishop.

The action taken by the Convention in connection with the election of Bishop Meade was so important, and dissimilar from any thing done at any other such election in this or (as far as I know) in any other Diocese, that I quote the full text of the resolution:—

Resolved, That this Convention deem it expedient, considering the age and bodily infirmity of our most venerated Bishop, to proceed to the election of an Assistant Bishop, who is not to be considered as entitled to the succession, but that it shall be the right and duty of the Convention of the Diocese of Virginia, on the demise of our venerated Bishop, to proceed to the election of a principal Bishop as a successor to the said deceased Bishop.

Subsequent action upon this subject was taken in 1830; and I will refer to that, though I must now complete the survey of the period which ends with the year 1829 by a reference to that important event, the organization of our Diocesan Missionary Society. Looking at the journals up to 1829, we find in almost every case the Lay delegates outnumbering the Clergy. There

were more parishes than rectors. Besides the parishes thus unsupplied, there were the waste places, where the privilege of worship was ardently craved, but the sound of worship seldom heard. Besides localities which were destitute of parish organization, there were parishes having the form of life, but life too feeble to exert itself.

These mission-fields were an occasion of sore anxiety. How could they be helped? In the poverty that was upon the Diocese, what plan could be matured by which the slender resources of the Church could be made available? In 1805 it was proposed that suitable men should be selected by the Bishop and the Standing Committee, and that circular-letters be sent to these fields to provide for the travelling expenses of ministers, who would thus be enabled to reach them, and take to them the services of the Church.

In 1813 action almost exactly the same was taken. In 1819 the parishes were exhorted to form missionary societies. In 1827 the Convention requested the Bishop to lay off the Diocese into districts, and to assign to each district two or more ministers, whose duty it should be to meet in association at their appointed places twice in the year for the purpose of preaching and administering the ordinances of the Church to the people.

All these plans show the necessities of the Church; they show the spirit of eager desire to relieve the necessities: at the same time, the changes of policy show that none as yet adopted would suit the emergencies. The Diocesan Missionary Society, with a central organization radiating its influence to every part of the Diocese, seemed to be what was required; and from that time to

the present it has been the missionary agency, and has controlled the missionary work.

The name at first was "The Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society of the Diocese of Virginia." In 1839 its name was changed to the "Protestant Episcopal Association for the Promotion of Christianity in Virginia;" and by that title it was known until 1843, when it was called, as it is to-day, "The Diocesan Missionary Society." In 1844 it was charged with the duty of supplying missionaries with tracts and religious books. Taking now another series of years, beginning with 1830 and ending with 1842, we notice a gratifying progress under the joint supervision of Bishops Moore and Meade. The Convention of 1829, as already mentioned, annexed a restriction to the election of Bishop Meade, whereby he would not be the successor of Bishop Moore to the bishopric of the Diocese unless appointed thereto by the Convention. This action led to some hesitancy on the part of the General Convention in approving the election of Bishop Meade. The election was, however, finally ratified under protest. The House of Bishops expressed their disapproval of the restrictive clause; but as it was a new case, and as it was their belief beyond all doubt that Bishop Meade would be the successor of Bishop Moore, they would interpose no bar to his consecration. They uttered their determination, however, not to countenance any similar proceeding; and, to give further expression to their views, the General Convention adopted a canon giving the succession in all cases to the Assistant upon the death of the Diocesan.

In consequence of this action by the General Convention, our Diocesan Convention in 1830 removed the restriction in the case of Bishop Meade. The Diocesan Missionary Society reported its collections for the year to be \$324.72, but had no missionary employed, as none could be found. Their first missionary was reported in 1831. It was the Rev. Mark L. Chevers, who was employed to officiate a part of his time in the counties of York, Warwick, and Elizabeth City. The same year there were reported to the Convention one hundred organized churches and less than fifty Clergy. Interest in this work has, under God, steadily advanced, and especially in the last ten years. Churches that gathered Sunday after Sunday large congregations and flourishing schools were fostered by it. The contributions and the number of missionaries have increased so as to demonstrate the wisdom as well as the necessity of such an agency. This year it has helped forty-five missionaries, and has received the largest amount of offerings ever sent in any year into its treasury.

It will interest any one to read in detail the action by different conventions respecting the peculiar trials of those times in the way of prevalent usages. They seemed, at least, to consider those trials peculiar; but there is no new thing under the sun. The human nature of Virginians of fifty years ago was just what it is now. Perhaps if those venerable Fathers could look into our town and country congregations now, if they could know, as ministers do at present, the prevalence of drinking-usages with communicants, they would imagine, perhaps, that they had done their work in behalf

of temperance rather mildly, as it had only seemed to bequeath an aggravation to the ills of the Church of the present day. If they could look into those same communities on Sunday, and see the sparse congregations at the second service, because the people need rest and the recreation of visiting, or if they could see the crowded trains and steamers going off on cheap excursions, and communicants helping to enlarge the throngs, perhaps they would feel it to be incumbent to publish even more solemn and searching manifestos than were issued by them in 1832 and in 1837.

The first notice we have of our diocesan paper, the "Southern Churchman," founded by Rev. William Lee, was in 1835, when it was commended to the Diocese. It went through various experiences until it was taken in hand by its present editor in 1854, and was by him made a success. In 1839 the Church in this country and Europe was agitated by what is known as the "controversy on the Oxford tracts." Our Convention, through its Bishop and its Committee on the State of the Church, spoke in plain words upon the important doctrines involved, and asserted the utter hostility of the Church in her standards to the sentiments of the tracts. Some of Bishop Moore's words in 1839 might well be republished as if intended for this generation. As a specimen, I quote the following:—

"Many subjects present themselves towards which I might be tempted to direct your thoughts. One more especially concerns the Church at present, because it is daily assuming a more serious and alarming aspect, and threatens a revival of the worst evils of the Romish system. Under the specious pretence of deference to an-

tiquity, and respect for primitive models, the foundations of our Protestant Church are undermined by men who dwell within her walls ; and those who sit in the Reformers' seats are traducing the Reformers. It is under the banner of the Redeemer that we have enlisted. It is under his banner that we have succeeded in our ministry, and that our labors have been blessed. It is by preaching the doctrines of the cross that the Church in Virginia has been resuscitated, and that it now holds a conspicuous place in our communion. But should the awful period ever arrive when we should be reserved on the doctrine of the atonement, or teach poor, fallen man to trust to his own merits for salvation, the blessing of Almighty God would be withdrawn from us ; 'Ichabod' would be written on the doors of our sacred temples, and we should be left to grope our way in midnight darkness. Be steadfast, then, my beloved brethren, I beseech you, in the discharge of your duties. Suffer not your minds to be influenced by any novel doctrines which may be presented to your view by restless and speculative men. Be immovable, 'always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.' "

The Committee on the State of the Church said, " We deem well-timed the effort made by our Bishop in his address, to place the members of our Church on their guard against the influence of error. To 'resist the first beginnings of evil,' to espy temptations at a distance in order the better to guard against them, and give warning of approaching danger, are common duties of God's ministers and people. And he knows little of the weakness and depravity of our nature who thinks either that the orthodoxy of all the members of our Church is proof against heresy, or that the holy wisdom of our people is superior to all the wiles of the arch-adversary."

On the 11th of March, 1841, the venerable Bishop

Moore entered into his rest. It would be an affecting chapter of the history which tells of the trials of Bishop Meade, if I could stop here to speak as my heart urges me of this beloved and devoted Father in God. His memory will find its place in the proceedings of this Council, and so I will adhere as closely as possible to the record of such facts as it is my duty to present.

This, however, must be said: his relation to his Diocese, and especially to his Clergy, was paternal in its truest, tenderest sense. What a joy it was to his heart to go about in his loving way amongst the churches, and to gather his brethren around him at the close of each convention to speak to them his words of wisdom, and to give them his affectionate benediction! Thank God! he lived to see the work of the Lord prosper in his hands; and he could witness the ample response to his prayer, that one eminently fitted would be chosen to tread in his steps, and to accomplish his plans. The strength of Bishop Meade failed very much this year; and in 1842, at his request for an Assistant Bishop, the Rev. John Johns, D.D., was elected to that office. It was thought by some who were at the Convention, that a surer and more permanent relief would be afforded Bishop Meade if the Diocese should be divided, rather than an Assistant elected. The two questions thus presented appear to have had very careful consideration, and the Convention at last came to the conclusion that it was inexpedient to attempt a division. One of the reasons for their action was the difficulty of fixing upon a line of division which would leave in each of the two Dioceses the requisite number of self-supporting parishes.

The canonical requirements in those days were very different from what they are now as to the number of parishes and Clergy required in a new Diocese. The division was also declared inexpedient because of the difficulty which would be inevitable in making a proper and equitable division of the funds of the Diocese, and because every effort should be made to keep together a Diocese whose influence upon all our people had been so salutary, and so potent in binding together all the parts of the State. The report embodying these views appears to have had no appreciable opposition when the vote was taken. Bishop Johns was chosen by a large majority, and shared the work of the Diocese with his Diocesan until Bishop Meade ended his days. The Convention of 1842 adopted the resolution which provided for episcopal support by the assessment upon the parishes at the rate of one dollar for each communicant.

In 1845 there was made an effort, and a successful one, to revive the High School. It had suffered misfortune, — had for a time been closed, — when it was reopened by the Rev. Dr. Dalrymple, who made it what the school in Staunton is for the girls of our Church families.

There are two other movements in the Church under the episcopate of Bishop Meade, which deserve grateful notice and remembrance. One is the plan to make some provision for the disabled Clergy of our Diocese. The journals of the present day can tell what success has attended the effort begun in 1853 to insure material help for those faithful men who had spent their strength, and some of whom had spent their substance, in trying

to build up the Church. Whilst the appropriations made are not in such measure as our affection for them would prompt, we may be grateful that they are not left in the time of age or infirmity without some token of tender regard from their Diocese.

Another movement was the society to make provision for the widows and orphans of the deceased Clergy. We see from time to time in our journals prior to 1858, reports made from this society. In fact, as far back as 1792 there are statements in the records which go to show, that, even in those days of distress and adversity, the Diocese was concerned to make provision for the widows and orphans of the Clergy. It was reserved, however, for the late Rev. John Grammer, D.D., of Halifax Court-house, — a minister known to many still in our councils, — to mature a plan which gave promise of a permanent society and of a reliable treasury. The society was organized in the year 1838, and in the results which followed gave evidence of the marvellous sagacity of its organizer. At the end of twenty years, in 1858, at the convention in the town of Winchester, the society, after a full investigation of its affairs, found itself called upon to disband just because of its overrunning prosperity. Never, perhaps, had money gathered in small contributions increased as had done the annual payments of Clergy to this fund. The society found itself in 1858 without the prospect of a beneficiary, and with so much capital that it could return to the Clergy every dollar they had paid from the beginning of their membership, could give them compound interest upon the same for all that time, and then could die, bequeathing to the

Diocese the handsome legacy of thirty-two thousand dollars, to be held as a fund sacred to similar purposes for the widows and orphans of any of our Clergy who might afterward be taken from their families. The interest from as much of that fund as was not lost in the war is still disbursed annually. It now amounts to about twenty-five thousand dollars. In 1860 was the last convention prior to the calamitous war between the States. It reported a larger amount than had ever been raised in the Diocese. It arranged for evangelistic work which had been tried the year before with signal encouragement. It also initiated carefully elaborated plans for work with the colored people, — work which was not broken up, but was, of course, greatly interfered with, by the hostilities which began about one year from the time that the Convention took its action. The clash of arms had really begun before the Convention of 1861 assembled in Richmond. The convention sermon was preached by Bishop Meade. It was the last time he appeared before us as a convention. The proceedings were decidedly tinged by the strong current of feeling which the war had set in motion. The Convention arranged with its sisters of the South for a council of the Dioceses in the Confederate States. The name "Convention" was dropped, and that of "Council" taken. A General Council was formed, and Virginia remained in this with the Southern churches, until, by the occurrences of 1865 and 1866, the General Council was dissolved. When she renewed her connection with the General Convention of the Church in the United States, Bishop Meade was taken to his rest after a short illness in this city, to which he

had come in March, 1862, to take part in the consecration of Dr. R. H. Wilmer as Bishop of Alabama. Having been, under God, privileged to be with him during the last thirty-six hours of his stay upon earth, I would fain speak of the solemnities of the closing hours of this man of God. But that work has been committed to another; and so I conclude the duty assigned to me by asking you to stand for a moment at the end of this history, and see what, under God, he was permitted to accomplish. He began his ministry when the Church in Virginia was at its lowest ebb, — so low that the General Convention made a record to the effect that its restoration might be considered hopeless. Against the protests of friends who thought it a real sacrifice that such talents as his should be given to the Church, he entered the ministry. Against their more earnest protests that he should not go into the Episcopal Church, and become identified with what they declared emphatically was a lost cause, he entered our ministry.

When we remember how he toiled, how he denied himself, how long he had to wait, and then what the Church in Virginia was before he left us, we thank God that the dear Bishop's own eyes were permitted to see the glorious triumph. In a sermon upon the occasion of the Bishop's death, Dr. Sparrow eloquently recites the points here touched upon, and adds, —

“ And he had his reward: he lived to see the Church in Virginia in great prosperity. Never was it so prosperous as at the beginning of our national troubles. The Bishop then saw around him a body of Clergy surpassed by none for efficiency and faithfulness. He saw the congregations committed to their care increasing yearly in all

the fruits of the Spirit. Missionary zeal was spreading on every hand, and substantial aid more and more afforded to the cause. Neither foreign, domestic, nor diocesan missions were overlooked. The Education Society, for the aid of young men preparing for the ministry, was deriving an adequate support from Virginia alone, though helping young men from all the States; educational institutions for both sexes in connection with the Church were prospering; and the Theological Seminary was far better provided with every species of accommodation, and better filled with students, than it had ever been before. In the progress of things toward this point of prosperity, it should also be mentioned, there had been very little fluctuation and no 'backsets.' Owing to the consummate prudence of him who took a leading part in all these matters, the progress of the Diocese had been as continuous and unbroken as the advance of the dawn to the broad daylight."

We may truly add, he left a Diocese loyal to the truth as our standards set it forth, loyal to all the requirements of the Church.

I feel it to be a simple yet bounden obligation, as the author of this narrative, to put this statement upon record. So many and so absurd have been the accusations that have been bruited about for years as to the irregularities in this Diocese, that my account would be unfair and incomplete if this part of it should be suppressed. Our Missionary Bishops in the wide West, or some of them at least, tell their Clergy to remember that the Prayer-Book was made for man, and not man for the Prayer-Book. They urge them to speak the truth boldly and in love as they have opportunity; to go on in the way of common sense, and not to let themselves or the word of God be bound by impossibilities in the matter of our full liturgical worship. When we remember that almost all of Virginia was missionary ground for many years after

1785, it would be strange if our Clergy could always find themselves able to preach the Gospel along with the enjoyment of our service in its integrity. But, despite all their disadvantages, they adhered to that ritual with a fidelity that deserved what was said of them sixty years ago. It was in the Convention of 1825. Bishop Moore had urged the great excellences of the liturgy; and, fearing that the charges against his Diocese which had been scattered broadcast might have some foundation, he affectionately addressed his brethren upon the subject. The Committee on the State of the Church, whilst indorsing all his eulogium, and seconding his fervent appeal for a close adherence to the prescribed order, said, "At the same time, the Convention feels bound, in duty to the Church in Virginia, to state that but few instances of departure have occurred, and also that there is a growing attachment to the services of the Church throughout the Diocese."

In closing this necessarily hasty survey of the labors, the trials, and the successes of Bishops Madison, Moore, and Meade, let us chronicle this as the greatest of their successes, that they built up, under God, a Church loyal to the Gospel of Christ, loyal to the Prayer-Book, — a Protestant Episcopal Church. And, with a very slight change in words, let us believe with the venerable senior professor of our seminary in his address at the semi-centennial —

"Should the time ever come when another spirit than that of Bishop Meade shall be the spirit of this Diocese, when another gospel shall be preached here and another theology taught here, when, though the symbols of the Divine Presence are here, that Presence

itself shall be withdrawn, . . . then shall voices be heard, as when Jerusalem was destroyed, saying sorrowfully, ‘Let us depart hence ;’ and the fingers of a man’s hand shall come forth, and write upon our pulpits, ‘The glory is departed.’ ”

But without any such foreboding, and indulging in no vain spirit of prophecy, I would rather close here with the words of Bishop Madison in 1791, — words in such exact sympathy with the opening sermon of this Council : —

“My brethren, vain will be our endeavors for the prosperity of our Zion, unless they be attended with fervent prayers that God will graciously enable us to perform our duty with zeal, fidelity, and success. *Our sufficiency is of God*: to Him let us look with our united supplications, that He will look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine and the vineyard which His right hand hath planted ; that He will shed the dew of His blessing upon the labors of His servants here assembled ; that He will prosper the ministry in their endeavors to revive a just sense of true religion ; that He will dispose the hearts of the people to receive the Word ; and that the fruits of righteousness may abound more and more in every member of this Church, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.”

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF VIRGINIA.

BY RT. REV. GEORGE W. PETERKIN, D.D.

I AM to speak a few words to-night in the interests of the Virginia Seminary.

The history of that seminary in its general outlines, and the work in its main features, are so well known, that, even if no one else were to speak on the subject, I need not go into many of those details which in themselves would be interesting and important. It is only about twelve years since the alumni and friends of the seminary met to celebrate its semi-centennial, and I doubt not but that the remembrance of that occasion is still fresh in the minds of many who are here to-night. The addresses of Bishops Johns and Lee, and of Drs. Packard, Andrews, Tyng, Slaughter, and Dalrymple, made on that occasion, have been preserved in suitable form, and furnish to-day a rich storehouse of material for him who would make himself familiar with the history and work of the seminary.

We learn from those published addresses, that to the Diocese of Virginia belongs the credit of being the first in this country to take steps to provide for the education of its candidates for Orders.

This was in 1813; and the movement culminated ten

years later, when, Oct. 15, 1823, the Theological Seminary of Virginia was formally opened.

Associated with its early history are the names of Wilmer, Norris, Addison, McIlvaine, Hawley, Allen, Meade, Lemmon, Johns, Henshaw, Tyng, Mann, McGuire, — names that are not born to die.

We may say, in general terms, that the history of the seminary runs parallel with that of the history of the Diocese, or at least of the revival of the Church in Virginia. There is between the two not only a coincidence in time, but a close and vital connection. The same illustrious men conceived and carried on both works, and with a like spirit and devotion; and we to-day enjoy the fruits of their manifold labors.

To what extent the founders of the seminary realized what was to be its influence upon the character and progress of our Church in Virginia, we may not certainly tell; but, with the records of the past sixty years before us, we can see how great that influence has been in both respects. It has been great not only in extending the Church by furnishing the men to carry her standards everywhere forward, but great also in determining the spirit and character of the Church when it was extended.

The seminary has been chiefly remarkable for its general prevailing religious atmosphere. This atmosphere has not been literary or philosophic or scientific, but distinctively religious. The spirit of zeal for Christ and the Church has been dominant through all the period of its history.

To state this a little more explicitly, the seminary has been remarkable for —

I. Its evangelical character. I use the word in a natural, not in a narrow or partisan, sense.

I mean by it, that we have always repudiated the sacerdotal theory of the ministry; that we have not ventured or desired to urge exclusive claims for our Church, or taught that the validity of the sacraments was dependent on an unbroken tactual succession.

I mean by this word to convey the idea that Dr. Packard has expressed when he says, substantially, that the doctrine of a complete justification by the sole merits and death of our Saviour Jesus Christ has always held such a high, central, chief, and controlling place in our system, that, like the sun in the zenith, nothing is hid from the heat thereof.

I mean by it, that, while we desire to feel all the inspiration that ought to come to us from the life and example of our Saviour Jesus Christ, yet that we still chiefly glory in His cross; not as the witness of a martyr to the truth, not as an example of sublime self-sacrifice, but rather as the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.

We have always believed and taught at the Virginia Seminary, that the gospel which St. Paul and the other apostles preached is just what the world needs to-day; and so we are still satisfied to hold fast by this, although it be to the objectors of our day, as it was to the Jews and Greeks of old,—a stumbling-block and foolishness.

This is our idea of ministering the truth as this Church hath received it; of setting forth the distinctive

features of this grand old historic Church; of contending for the faith once delivered.

II. This seminary has also been remarkable for its missionary spirit; and this missionary spirit has grown, I believe, out of its evangelical character. The two things go together as cause and effect.

I suppose that every seminary has its missionary society, and, however it may have been some years ago, yet that now, at least, others besides our own have their representatives in the foreign fields of the Church; but I have never heard of any but the Alexandria seminary in which this missionary spirit was so distinctive a mark. With the faculty meetings, it is to be taken as one of those things that have helped to create the atmosphere of the institution. No one could fail to feel the influence in some way.

About forty men have gone forth from the seminary into the foreign fields of the Church. We cherish their memory with peculiar pride; and, while we point to their names on our rolls, we pray that we too may not forget that the field is the world.

III. Again, the seminary has been remarkable for its steady conservatism.

Amid the many novelties which have so much disturbed the peace of the Church, we of the Virginia Seminary have been asking for the old paths, and walking in them; and we have done so on principle, and as a matter of choice.

It matters not if some have called us slow; it matters not if some have suggested doubt as to our attachment and loyalty to our Church,—I say it matters not: for,

in the result, "Wisdom is justified of all her children;" and so the events of a few years back showed before all the world how true and loyal were the hearts of our Church-people in Virginia.

The men of the seminary were not to be driven away or enticed from the Church in which they had been born and nurtured. With unswerving devotion they stood, and still stand, in the lot where God's providence has placed them, and have, I believe, done a work which is beyond all estimate in influencing the whole Church against extremes either on the right hand or on the left.

The history and work of the seminary has been along the lines indicated, and, fairly to state the case, presents its strongest claim upon our continued confidence and support.

I speak with all the greater freedom, because we of West Virginia claim our heritage in the seminary as in the Diocese. Your past is ours also, full of the same associations, hallowed by the same experiences, and adorned with the same illustrious names. Yes, your past is ours also, and we can look back upon it with equal pride to-day; and we are encouraged for all that is before us, because we feel that the past, at least, is secure.

We have come here to take part in all the exercises connected with this centennial observance: so we would erect a memorial here in your very midst, to testify that we also who live beyond the distant hills are not of another people or another faith; but that, as we have been, so we would be, one with you in the life-work of our common Church.

Now, then, the practical bearing of all this that I have said about the seminary lies in this simple application of it: that in the future, as in the past, as is the seminary so is the Diocese, or, rather, let me say the two Virginia Dioceses.

The histories will continue to run parallel; you could not separate or disconnect them, even if you would.

Certainly, then, those who had charge of the exercises connected with the centennial of the Diocese did well to provide for special mention of the seminary, its history and work. It could not have been ignored at a time like this. It has been too important a factor in the life of our Church in the Old Dominion, and we look for continued usefulness for it in the years that are to come.

I must ask your indulgence if I add here what was, perhaps, not at all expected of me, yet what seems to me to have a very close connection with the whole subject.

I want to remind you of this: that, in many ways, what the seminary is to the Diocese, that the Education Society is to the seminary; not formally or necessarily a part of it, yet so ministering to it, and co-operating with it in all its work, that you can hardly speak of the one without thinking of the other.

The Education Society of Virginia is one of the instruments — would it be too much to say the chief instrument? — by which the seminary has been able to do its work. In all that has been done in the Diocese of Virginia for the last fifty or sixty years, these things have stood together, and mutually supported and strengthened one another.

During all these years the history and work of the seminary and the Education Society have been so woven together, that, in telling the story of either, you tell the story of both. The same illustrious men have carried on both these institutions, with a like spirit and success.

In the objections you sometimes hear raised against both seminaries and education societies, I think that people forget just the place they occupy among the working-forces of the Church. It must be remembered that they are *auxiliary* to the regular Church machinery; not controlling, but being controlled.

They can of themselves do nothing, having no authority to commission and send forth ministers. The responsibility of deciding upon the qualifications of candidates for Orders, and of admitting them into the ministry, does not rest upon seminaries and education societies, but rather with the vestries and standing committees, with the Chaplains and the Bishops.

The ultimate responsibility lies with these; and, if mistakes are sometimes made, they must bear the blame.

While, then, the administrators of the seminary and Education Society ought to remember what an influence rightly attaches to their recommendation, and should exercise a most scrupulous care, yet let not others shift upon them a responsibility not properly theirs.

In the last fifty years there have been about five hundred Clergy laboring from time to time in Virginia. It would be interesting to know how many of them came from our seminary. At all events, this we can say: that, out of upwards of a hundred and fifty now

belonging to the Diocese, more than a hundred and twenty came from the seminary; and that, of the thirty-nine who have been connected with West Virginia since its separate organization, more than two-thirds were educated at this same school of the prophets. Further, of the thirty-six hundred and forty-five Clergy in our whole Church in the United States, upwards of six hundred and twenty are from our seminary.

These men have made a noble record at home and abroad, in every position of responsibility and trust. They are Bishops in the Church in domestic and foreign fields, professors in our seminary, parish ministers in town and country and in the isles of the sea.

In the work they have done and are doing, they speak for their alma mater. To be ignorant of this work, is not to know its history of the past fifty years or of the present times. I shall not attempt to eulogize men who need no eulogy beyond their record, known and read of all men.

We are here to-day to strengthen each other's hands in the work which God has given us to do, and to renew our devotion to those principles which have ever guided the seminary, and to that spirit which has always animated it in the past. In ourselves we may be nothing, but we believe that the work we do for Christ and the Church shall live after us. And so, while Paul plants and Apollos waters, we will pray God to give the increase.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the semi-centennial already alluded to, Dr. Packard used words I desire to repeat and emphasize to-day. He said, "Let

this great era in our seminary life be not only an occasion for reviewing the past, but a starting-point for a new era of greater progress."

And although the income which he then stated as about seven thousand dollars has been increased to about twelve thousand dollars, still we say to-day, as he said twelve years ago, that we need to have our endowment increased, for it is not equal to our pressing needs. And yet more emphatically may we say to-day, since we have increased the number of our alumni by at least twelve classes, that now is the time to do this work, as the seminary, with an ever-widening circle of alumni, enters upon a new era with an ever-brightening prospect of wide and healthful influence.

At the same time it was also said, "We need a new chapel." We thank God to-day that that need has been so well supplied.

And then I recall those other words, "We need a new library building: the present building is not only full, but has great and irremediable defects." If that was true ten years ago, much more is it true now. It may be that we shall take such words as these as indicating what is the *next thing* for us to do. At all events, there is work for us of to-day, — work for us to do in carrying forward to a still higher state of efficiency that great institution which has been left as a sacred trust by those who have gone before. Let us devise liberal things, let us do with our might what our hands find to do, and, by God's blessing upon us, we shall hand down this seminary to those that come after us, stronger and better equipped in every way to do its work.

May its future be more full of honor and usefulness than its past, and may God ever bless it in maintaining the pure truth of His Word, in making His way known upon earth, His saving health among all nations!

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF VIRGINIA.

ADDRESS OF REV. JULIUS E. GRAMMER, D.D., RECTOR
OF ST. PETER'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
BALTIMORE.

A GREAT English writer has said, "Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." With equal truth we may say, he is not to be envied whose love for the Church of God, for this Diocese, and the work of the ministry, is not increased by the history of the Virginia Theological Seminary. They who have been nurtured for the ministry of the Gospel as her sons call her *their* Alma Mater, but she has been a nursing and dear mother to *the whole Church*. What a great company of preachers have gone forth from her halls as the Lord gave the word! What wide fields have been sown and garnered by those who have been nourished by her into the spirit and work of preaching Christ!

In all ranks of the Christian ministry, in all climes, and I had almost said among all races, her alumni

have heralded the good news. If we could summon before us all who have been enrolled among her students, what a vast array would appear of men marshalled under one banner, in allegiance to one Master, and pledged to the conquest of the world for Christ! They would equal four times as many Clergymen as are now in this Diocese, and they would constitute one-fifth of the whole number enrolled in this Church in the United States.

The history of the seminary is identified with a large part of the history of the Diocese, and, indeed, with that of the whole Church in America.

When it was founded we were comparatively a feeble folk, both in secular and ecclesiastical life, both as a Church and as a Nation. At that time there was a population of nine millions in this country, and now there are over fifty millions. At that time there were only three hundred and thirty-one Clergymen in all the Church, and now there are over three thousand six hundred and fifty. The number of communicants did not exceed thirty thousand, and now it is estimated to be three hundred and eighty thousand. When the seminary was begun, there had been only twenty Bishops consecrated, and of these but ten were living: now there are sixty-seven. The Clergy in Virginia were but a handful, and widely scattered, and with limited facilities for travel. There were in all the land about thirty colleges and universities, and now there are three hundred and seventy exclusive of numerous agricultural and mechanical colleges, and special schools of science, law, and medicine; and nine of these are under Protes-

tant Episcopal influence. At that time there were not more than twelve theological seminaries in the country, and now there are about one hundred and forty-five of known existence, and some others whose continued life is doubtful. Then there were about sixty-one candidates for Holy Orders, and at the last General Convention the summary amounted to four hundred and one. Now there are at least sixteen theological seminaries in our Church. Then there were few libraries, and the cost of these excessive: now the press teems with the best productions of the consecrated talent of America, and furnishes reprints of the best authors abroad.

“Knowledge increases,” and all the aids of sacred learning and of a critical study of the Holy Bible are richly supplied to us.

It is a striking and suggestive fact, that on the roll of the seminary there are as many as seven hundred and fifty-nine names of its alumni. Of these, forty have been missionaries in foreign lands, and eighteen consecrated as Bishops in the Church of God.

Surely the little seed has grown to be a great tree, and the handful of corn has been made to shake like Lebanon.

We may well pause to contemplate this work of faith and patient love on which God has set his seal. “We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old.”

That we may fix in our minds some salient points in this review, it would be well to notice *the men* who have been identified with the seminary, *the work* which it has

accomplished, and *the principles* which have governed its history and administration.

I. — THE MEN.

Their names are well known, and deserve to be had in remembrance.

The Rev. Dr. Slaughter, whose fervent eloquence and poetic imagination have given unusual attractiveness to the details of the diocesan history, tells us how there were stationed at that time, in Alexandria, Rev. Dr. Wilmer and Rev. Mr. Norris; in Georgetown, Rev. Mr. Addison and Rev. Mr. McIlvaine; in Washington, Rev. Mr. Hawley and Rev. Ethan Allen; in Frederick County, Va., Rev. Mr. Meade; at Hagerstown, Md., Rev. Mr. Lemmon; at Frederick, Md., Rev. Mr. Johns; in Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Henshaw; in Prince George County, Rev. Mr. Tyng; in Charles County, Va., Rev. Mr. Mann; and in Fredericksburgh, Va., Rev. Mr. McGuire.

These in their due order, and in their proportionate strength, and in their full opportunity, each helped to found this seminary. They were men whose future career, in some instances, made them conspicuous for their service to the whole Church; they were men, for the most part, of zeal and prayer and wisdom. But foremost of them all stands the *name of William Meade*. On his monument it is recorded that he was “the founder of the Theological Seminary of Virginia.” And while he bore many titles, as Doctor, Bishop, and president of learned and benevolent societies, yet no title ever conferred upon him a more pronounced distinction, or

entitled him to a more lasting gratitude, than that of "founder of the Theological Seminary of Virginia." In his character were blended virtues which made him a marked man.

He united the intrepidity of a soldier with the devotion of a saint. He impressed upon his time and people and the Church the type of his sturdy and valiant hardihood. Certainly he led in paths of brave endeavor and severe discipline. He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He had native eloquence and a strong mind, with well-disciplined power of reasoning. He was keenly alive to the pathos of sacred poetry, and in his heart there glowed a love of God and man which shone through all his deeds. But his chief qualities were a stern integrity and a holy zeal, united to extraordinary gifts of administration.

Exercising himself in keeping a pure record and in the cultivation of simple habits, he set the example of a good leader to his flock and his Diocese. As Alexander refused to enjoy luxuries which his soldiers were denied, so did Bishop Meade live as simply as the humblest of his Clergy. He saved, that he might give, and gave with a secrecy often known only to God. His benefactions were, relatively to his ability, large; and, like a father, he pitied and succored the sons of the Church in their distress. Though the Church in Virginia was so feeble when he entered its ministry, as to provoke the regrets of Judge Marshall that a young man of such promise should link his destinies with so forlorn a hope, yet he lived to see it revived and strong, and was acknowledged as, under God, the chief instru-

ment in attaining that result. His wise discrimination, his judicious administration, his patient and toilsome labors, entitle him to a place in this Diocese like that of Washington in the Nation. He was the father of the Church here, and eminently of the seminary. His prolific pen has furnished treatises, charges, tracts, and sermons imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and well fitted to guide and uphold his growing Diocese. The seminary has attained such a mature strength because the pure milk of the Word and the strong meat of the Gospel were given to her by his hand. Men sought to asperse his churchmanship; but he exercised an honest and independent judgment, guided by the light of history and of the Bible. He sought to make this seminary a school where evangelical truth and apostolic order should be duly cultivated and practised. He lived to taste the sweetness of the fruit of his own planting, and to realize in this great Diocese and this established school of sacred learning the hopes of his life.

At the side of Bishop Meade, and among the best friends of the seminary, gathered *its professors*. Dr. Keith was eminent as a preacher and a philologist. He seemed to realize, as another has described him, "the powers of the world to come." The fervor of his piety and his evangelical preaching greatly favored the ministerial efficiency of his students. His spotless record and faithful labors are the heritage of the seminary. God honored him in his office, and in the gift of a son of missionary zeal and martyr spirit.

After giving his life to the cause of missions in China,

that son left his entire fortune as a legacy to that cause. On the walls of the seminary chapel is a mural tablet whose simplicity is equalled only by its honest testimony to the great and good man who was, in historic order, *the first professor* of this institution.

Professors *Wilmer*, *Norris*, and *Lippitt* should be held in grateful memory for their learning and patient labor in this cause. They were like faithful workmen who put their conscience into every part of the structure, and sought to bring it to a glorious consummation.

Nor should we forget *Bishop Johns*, whose relation to the seminary was that both of professor for a season and of vice-president and Bishop for many years. His fame was in all the churches as a man of rare eloquence and fervent oratory. The echoes of his ministry linger in our memory like the chimes of sabbath bells. His memory was wonderfully accurate, and his voice of silvery sweetness; and he had a pathos and tenderness, a power and persuasiveness, which drew all hearts after him, and after the Saviour he preached. If Bishop Meade was eminent for administrative gifts, Bishop Johns was equally so for the superiority of his attainments, as a preacher.

With such men as Meade and Johns, we are not surprised that the Diocese and seminary grew, and attracted from far and near those whom God called to preach his Gospel. They were lights that could not be hid, burning and shining in the intensity of zeal and the beauty of consistency; and we rejoiced to see them.

Among these professors there *is one living* to-day,

whose head is frosted with well-nigh fifty years of service in the chair which he has adorned by his learning and piety. Sharing in the life of the seminary, he has given in this half-century his support, his prayers, and his daily labors, "in season and out of season," to make it what it is. A great procession of students has passed under his review as he has trained them in the knowledge of those languages inscribed upon the Cross, and through which the Gospel has been made known under the whole heavens. The Greek and the Hebrew; the languages of *learning* and of *religion*, of *philosophy* and of *poetry*; the most rhythmical and ductile, possibly, of all tongues; the languages hallowed by prophets and apostles, — are associated in the mind of every student of the Virginia Theological Seminary with the venerable and beloved professor Dr. Joseph Packard.

His golden-wedding day as a professor, now so near at hand, we trust, may be worthily commemorated in giving the seminary a dowry of as many thousands of dollars as he has given years to her service, and by a lasting token of their gratitude to him from his many hundred students.

When the learned Dr. Keith was lost to the seminary, it pleased God to raise up a man whose name became a tower of strength to the Church in this Diocese. No worldly possessions could equal the value to this sacred institution of such a character and qualification as distinguished the late Dr. Sparrow.

With a mind that understood the most difficult problems in ontology, and that held easy converse with the masters of English theology, he spent over thirty

years of his life as one of the most illustrious teachers in the whole Church. Never can we forget how his piety rose above the altitude of his intellectual greatness, like the sun above the Alpine peaks. While students were fascinated and awed by his endowments and greatness, they were captivated by the charm of his humility and gentleness. His own beloved and accomplished pupil, Professor Walker, has done such justice to his qualities, in his Commencement address of 1874, that it deserves to be written in letters of gold, and given to every student as the model for his imitation. As long as virtue and learning, as intellect consecrated by piety, as gentleness united with heroic devotion to the truth, are held in high esteem, so long will the name of William Sparrow be as a bright particular star in the canopy which overhangs the seminary, studded as it is with such a constellation of great lights.

And by his side walked, in unbroken friendship, that saintly teacher whose name was typical of his character. James May was the impersonation of a mild and genial nature. His life was fruitful of kindness, hospitalities, and good works; and his memory redolent of the perfume of a charity which never failed. His home was the Bethany of the missionary; and with the lovely attractions of his most enthusiastic and godly wife, and the worshipping circle that gathered around his board, it gave one a foretaste of heavenly re-unions. His learning and qualifications for the chair he filled, with so great advantage to the seminary, commanded the highest respect of his students; and his addresses at the faculty meetings, and his sermons in the chapel,

impressed all with a sense of his deep experience of personal religion.

“When such a man, familiar with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise;
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.—
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
Which tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

Well may we rejoice that the mantle of such men has fallen upon worthy successors. The professors, at the seminary, hold with a strong grasp the banners they received from their hands. They walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing. The seminary moves on in the harmony and strength, in the joy and patient service, of former years. May it ever be, as in the past, a nursing mother of sons who shall be true to the heritage of such names and such memories!

In connection with those, so noted for learning and piety, there ought to be remembered on this occasion those godly men and women, whose prayers and alms, in behalf of this “school of the prophets,” have been their memorial before God.

Mrs. Sophia Jones of Virginia, and Mr. John Bohlen of Philadelphia, and Rev. William H. C. Robertson, a devoted alumnus, have been the principal benefactors of the library.

Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, sen., of New York, with many other expressions of a practical generosity to the seminary, contributed the building-fund for St. George's Hall.

The brothers William and James Aspinwall of New

York, parishioners of Dr. Bedell of Ascension Church, have left in the hall, named after them, the memorial of their Christian devotion.

“Bohlen Hall” is the benefaction of a layman, whose charities have extended throughout the Church, and even to Africa.

“Meade Hall,” is the lasting testimonial of the love and reverence of the sons of the seminary for their father, in God, the Bishop of the Diocese, for so many years.

The chapel is the contribution of alumni and friends, in all parts of the country, and particularly of the much-loved and respected Dr. H. Dyer of New York.

The name of Samuel G. Wyman, of Baltimore, should be mentioned here, as a patron, whose favor was long enjoyed; and it is to be hoped that a proposed endowment of fifty thousand dollars, from his estate, may yet be realized, in view of his generous intent, frustrated only by the sudden and relentless hand of death.

As the foremost of all givers to our seminary, the name of Mr. Anson Dodge of New York should be gratefully mentioned. His benefactions have exceeded forty thousand dollars.

But there have been others whose gifts are known not so generally. They have prayed, and labored, and exercised a jealous vigilance, above all price in money. Such a friend has been Mr. Cassius F. Lee.

Bishop Meade, in one of his addresses, said, —

“From an early period, to the present time, he has been actively engaged, by correspondence, in raising funds for the Education Society, for the various buildings which have been put up; acting

as receiver and disbursing officer of the same, as well as making contracts, and superintending the work. Much care and trouble have devolved upon him in the performance of these duties; and to no individual in the Diocese are we indebted for so large a share of labor and anxiety, in our behalf, as to himself, besides the occasional advance of moneys, when our funds were low."

As Bishop Johns writes, in his Life of Bishop Meade, "Cassius F. Lee is, with one consent, considered as eminently '*the seminary's benefactor.*'"

Thus God has honored this institution, by gathering around it a band of workers, skilled in teaching, and of fervent piety, and of one heart. There it stands to-day, the monument of a prayer-hearing God.

Situated over against the Capitol of the nation, it presents a striking contrast in its simplicity and purposes to that stately structure. Near the metropolis of the political and social glory of this Western world, it offers a beautiful illustration of the quietness, and contentment, which are given to those who seek God, compared with the restless aspirations of those who are tempted by pleasure, wealth, and power.

Happy would it be if the principles, and spirit, that govern the Theological Seminary of Virginia, possessed the hearts and minds of all rulers and legislators. Happy, indeed, would we be, if it could be graven upon their memories that "*Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.*" Surely we ought to pray that more of the young men, of our land, may be led, from the passionate greed for gold and worldly glory, to seek that substance which is enduring, — that unfading crown, and that ministry which the Holy Ghost blesses and honors.

“The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.”

II. — THE WORK.

We turn now to consider *the work* of the seminary. It has supplied the Diocese with “a great company” of preachers. Like a spring, it has sent out streams of refreshment to all the parishes of Virginia, and, indeed, of many other Dioceses. Like the military and naval academies, which train men for valiant exploits, by sea and by land, and seek to cultivate in them the spirit of a soldier, this seminary has been a training-school for those who would be good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

To its influence we may trace that purity of life, that zeal in labors, that accomplishment in sacred learning, that pastoral efficiency and pulpit power, which have distinguished her Clergy.

And not only in Virginia, but throughout the whole country, we see the sons of this seminary, holding positions of wide influence, and exercising their ministry, with the tokens of God’s richest blessing, to the great comfort of the whole Church.

The time would fail to mention the names of the Bishops, and Presbyters, here and over all the territory of the Church’s large work, who have been nourished by this dear mother of us all, for a holy ministry. We find them in New York, and Boston; in Ohio and Kentucky; in California and Iowa; in Long Island, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, stationed along our coasts, like lights, cheering and refreshing by their example and doctrine.

If you cast your eye over the sea, there in distant China and Japan, and in Africa, the brave and devoted sons of this seminary are laboring to preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. The roll of honorable names is too long to recite. Conspicuous among them, are those of Boone and Payne ; of Henning and Messenger ; of Hoffman and Holcomb ; and those godly women, Catharine Jones, and Susan Sparrow, whose piety was kindled on that hill, and whose devotion to Christ was crowned with such heroic service.

“They climbed the steep ascent to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !”

The seminary has won the confidence and reverent love of the Church, by furnishing these bright examples of the Christian life.

The pictures, in Prayer Hall, of those missionaries, seem to speak to us, as did the portrait of Henry Martyn, to Charles Simeon, and echo the solemn appeal : “Don’t trifle.”

No wonder they were men of such power before God, for they anticipated the day to ask in prayer for that strength and faith which made their lives so fragrant and fruitful.

It was their example, which moved others to give of their substance to this dear seminary.

The message of the sainted Hoffman rings upon our ears to-day, as reported to us by Bishop Payne : “Tell them, by the living Crucified One, not to hold back their

hands." And, as if to remind us of our high and holy commission, he raised his dying head to utter these memorable words: "Tidings, tidings from the Lord Jesus!"

The work of this seminary can never be told. God only has recorded these silent and mighty influences, which have gone forth from it, like a deep and full-flowing river, gladdening all it touched.

The students of this institution have, for the most part, been true to their commission, and to "the doctrine of Christ, as this Church hath received the same." No encouragement or sympathy has been found here for those who would efface the Protestant character or title of our Church. The whole tendency of its teaching has been to cherish a love for the order, in government, and purity, in doctrine, which have distinguished this branch of Christ's Church upon earth. The professors, bishops, and alumni have contributed to this result by essays, sermons, articles in the periodical literature of the Church, as well as by biographies and more extensive publications. Thus they have greatly aided, in protecting the pulpit and the chancel, from all irregularity and error in worship and doctrine; and, most of all, in seeking to secure the lives of God's ministers and people from reproach.

In attempting to count up the results of this work, we would remind you of the parishes and churches, which have been, and are now being, ministered unto by the sons of this seminary. What, above all, deserves to be mentioned is, the constant appeal made here to cultivate a holy life, and those meetings of the faculty,

when the dignity and responsibility, the duty and the divine aid pledged to the ministry, were so faithfully set forth.

Surely those good professors were wise master-builders ; and they sought to warn and teach every man that he might not profane the Church by a spirit of merchandise or sacrilegious traffic in sacred things. The ministry was shown to be a calling from God, for the edification of the Church, and not one of the professions, to be followed in a secular spirit.

Those solemn and sacred evenings can never be forgotten, as rich in heavenly influences.

“ How sweet their memory still ! ”

A heart yearning to glorify God, and charged with love to Christ, is to be counted as the highest qualification for a minister of the Gospel.

III. — THE PRINCIPLES.

The principles which have been at the foundation of all this work are those of the Holy Bible. The superstructure is enduring and symmetrical, because it has been fashioned, after the plan of God, as revealed in His Word. The formative power has been that of God's Spirit, and this institution has sought to follow and reflect the mind of God.

Certain great doctrines have here been distinctively set forth, as giving meaning to the mission and ministry of the seminary. These doctrines are such, as distinguished the Reformation in England, Germany, Scotland, and Switzerland.

They are *Scriptural*, as authorized by the Word of God ; they are *Protestant*, as contrasted with those of the Church of Rome.

The Reformation, *in England*, had for its basis the great truth that the Bible is the supreme and ultimate authority in matters of faith and morals. That, *in Germany*, established, as the article of a standing or falling Church, our justification before God, by faith only, in the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. That, *in Scotland*, was for the vindication of the supreme authority of Christ, as King in Zion, and Head over all things to His Church. That, *in Switzerland*, was for the clear determination, upon the warrant of the Bible, of the value of the sacraments, as signs and pledges and means of grace, but not as the sources and channels of spiritual life. Holding these cardinal principles, this seminary is identified with the English Church, and with her daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, in seeking to establish and promulge them more and more.

Her teaching has been *Protestant*, as refusing to make (as the Roman Church does) tradition of co-ordinate authority with the Bible ; *Protestant*, as refusing to adore relics, invoke saints, pray for the dead, and accept any mediator between the soul and the holy God but the one mediator, Christ Jesus.

Besides this, the doctrines taught by this seminary are *Evangelical* ; and *by that*, we mean they are distinguished from a system of sacramental ceremonialism, which professes to work *ex opere operato*. Evangelical religion sets forward the salvation of all men, *by faith*

in Christ. It proclaims the sovereign grace of God, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, and in connection with the truth, "as in Jesus." It exalts Jesus as the only *priest*; the cross as the only *altar*; and the death of Christ as the only *sacrifice*. Evangelical religion regards *preaching*, as the chief office of the ministry; and depends upon it as ordained of God for the salvation of the believer, and not upon the mechanical application of positive institutions.

It teaches the fall of man, and his need of a new birth; the sovereignty of Divine grace, and the responsibility each one is under, in the exercise of his free agency, to give an account of himself to God.

This seminary has sought to uphold that system of Protestant, Evangelical religion, which condemns the practice and teaching of priestly absolution and auricular confession of sins.

It has sought to cultivate *a worship* free from meretricious ritual, and to lead the soul to realize that "*God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*"

It is Episcopal, holding with the Ordinal, no more and no less; not exclusive, but historic, in its spirit and practice, as to the order of Church government.

And at the same time it is Catholic, in that it not only recognizes, but greets and prays for grace to all those, who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity. It owns the body of Christ, which is the Church, to be "the blessed company of all faithful people."

Such an institution has the highest and holiest claims upon all, who love the Church and her mission.

It needs an increased endowment, and a larger force to cover the field of preparation, required for its students.

It needs a new library edifice, and a supply of new books.

The immense progress of the country, in material wealth, involves a corresponding responsibility. The chief security to the State and the Church is an enlightened pulpit and a consecrated ministry.

The founding of scholarships in England, and the endowment of the Bampton and Boyle lectureships, have contributed to the increase and diffusion of sacred learning. In this country, of late years, large offerings have been made for the generous education of our young men. Paca, Cornell, Peabody, and Hopkins have given their millions, for secular sciences. What better commemoration of this centennial year could be made, than to endow this great seminary of our Church? A few strong institutions deserve the united patronage of the many; a few poorly endowed colleges and seminaries take away the supply which should be given to those which are strong. The Divine plan is, that "to him that hath shall be given;" and there is a reason for the law of "the survival of the fittest." The Virginia Seminary has become more than historic: it has gained the confidence and the support which the most scrupulous discrimination can bestow.

Worthy of this centennial year of the Diocese of Virginia would it be, to endow the seminary, as a memorial of God's goodness. Such an act would bring down the blessing of God, upon the donors, and yield the richest return, in a living ministry of salvation to dying souls.

It would help to extend those principles which are the life of the Church, and to promote the glory of God.

May He send the dew of His grace upon this vine of His own planting, and make it to grow as the corn, and flourish as the lily, and be a joy and a praise in the future, as it has been in the past. Amen and Amen.

SKETCH OF OUR FIRST FOUR BISHOPS.

BY REV. C. I. GIBSON, D.D.

IT is God's own command, that His people should "remember those who once had the rule over them, who spake to them the Word of God, and that we should consider the end of their conversation;" i.e., note carefully the effect of their lives, and "imitate their faith." A most sacred duty is it, therefore, to our God, as well as to the departed rulers of the Church in Virginia, to "keep their memories green;" and a no less sacred duty to ourselves, by a careful study of their manner of life, their walk with God, and method of work for the prosperity of the Church in this Diocese, noting their failures as well as their successes, to strengthen our own faith, and increase our own usefulness. If it be interesting and profitable to study "God in history," it is surely no less so to mark the workings of his providence and grace in biography. It *must be so* if the finger of inspiration point us to the lives of our own spiritual rulers and teachers as the field of observation.

The consecration of the *first* Bishop of Virginia was an event in the history of the Church in this country of far greater importance than is generally supposed: it

was a step which became essential to the peace and prosperity of the whole Church.

The Seabury centennial of last November did not fail to remind us that ours was not the first Bishop that the Church in America received. We recognize the fact, and acknowledge cheerfully that to the Diocese of Connecticut belongs the honor of receiving the first Bishop. But is it not a most significant fact, that eight years was suffered to elapse before Bishop Seabury was called on by the Church to exercise his episcopal powers in aiding to perpetuate the apostolical succession,—a thing then much needed, much desired, by the Church? Is it not a significant fact, also, that—although Bishops White and Provoost had been consecrated in 1787, and thus *three* Bishops, the number required by ancient canon for a regular consecration, were now in the country; and although a Bishop-elect from Massachusetts, Dr. Edward Bass, had been recommended to them for consecration in 1789,—it was not until September, 1792, more than five years after the arrival of the two Bishops from England, and eight years after Bishop Seabury's arrival, that the former called upon the latter to unite with them in the consecration of Dr. Thomas John Claggett of Maryland, the first Bishop consecrated on American soil? Now, *why this delay?* The truth appears from the following facts, which show plainly the great importance to the welfare of the whole Church of that step which gave Virginia her first Bishop. “The time has long since gone by,” says Bishop Seabury's excellent biographer, “when there need be any timidity or hesitation in speaking freely of those upon whom obloquy

was once heaped for conscientiously espousing the cause of the Crown. . . . Dr. Seabury began life as an enthusiastic royalist, and asserted his political opinions with a sturdiness and ability which, in the heats of the Revolution, put him in great peril and distress." This fact of itself, that Dr. Seabury was a Tory, and one of a most aggressive stamp, is almost enough to explain the peculiar state of things which then existed,—the tardiness of the other Bishops and Clergy in receiving him into their ranks, and the difficulties which on every side, both within and without, beset our Church in the first years of its independent existence. But, besides being an outspoken opponent of the American Revolution, Bishop Seabury had been chaplain to Col. Fanning's regiment of Tories in the British army, and had served with them through the war. He had left New York for England, to seek consecration, before the city had been evacuated by the British troops; and it was said he continued after consecration to receive his half-pay as a retired officer, from the British Government. But this was not all.

The succession from the non-juring Bishops of Scotland was not at that time officially recognized by the English Church. The laws against them were repealed *after* Bishop Madison's consecration. It is well known that Bishop Provoost of New York would have nothing to do with the Scotch succession, and pronounced it "irregular."

The New-York Convention in 1788 had "resolved, That it is highly necessary that measures should be pursued to preserve the episcopal succession *in the English*

line ;” and while they declared the proposed union with the Diocese and Bishop of Connecticut, then pending, much to be desired, they add the express condition that it must be with “the continuance of the episcopal *succession in the English line.*” Another fact: In the application to the English Bishops for consecration, Bishop White, who wrote it, declares that he intended to ask for the number of Bishops competent, according to *the English rule and practice*, to perpetuate the succession; and he felt himself pledged to them on that point. Our own Diocese applied to Bishops White and Provoost to unite with Bishop Seabury in the consecration of Dr. Griffith, our first Bishop-elect; but they refused, because *three* Bishops of the English line had not then been obtained. Bishop Madison, after his consecration and return to Virginia, wrote to Bishop White, Dec. 19, 1790, —

“A few days before I left London, the Archbishop requested a particular interview with me. He said he wished to express his hopes, and also to recommend it to our Church, that, in such consecrations as might take place in America, the persons who had received their powers from the Church of England should be *alone concerned*. He spoke with great delicacy of Dr. Seabury, but thought it most advisable that the line of Bishops should be handed down from those who had received their commission from the same source.”

The question excited no little feeling in that day. For instance, in the General Convention of 1786 a motion was offered, “That this Convention will resolve to do *no act* that shall *imply the validity of ordinations made by Dr. Seabury.*” Three Dioceses voted “aye” to

this motion, — New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina. It was lost by a majority of only one Diocese; Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and *Virginia* voting in the *negative*. Under such circumstances, is it not evident that another Bishop of English consecration *must* be given to America, or the union of all its Dioceses could never have been effected, nor peace and harmony secured to the Church? To the Diocese of Virginia, then, was allotted, by God's kind providence, *this glorious privilege of becoming the tightening keystone of the ecclesiastical arch which made strong the Church's foundation in this country*. Ought we not, as a Diocese, ever to be devoutly thankful that the first Bishop of Virginia took his place among his brethren with the blessing of the "peacemaker" resting upon him; yea, upon the very office itself which he brought among us? May the Diocese and its Bishops to the end of time continue to fulfil this their high and glorious mission to their brethren of the Church in this country, maintaining apostolic ORDER as well as apostolic *doctrine*, and always promoting that *unity among brethren* so dear to the heart of our Lord!

It was not the fault of the Diocese of Virginia, that her first Bishop was not consecrated at the same time with the Bishops of Pennsylvania and of New York. Her Convention of 1786 responded at once to the call for fit persons to be made Bishop, and elected a gentleman, who, however little known now, was honored by his brethren then, both at home and abroad. The Rev. David Griffith was the first Bishop-elect of Virginia; and in any sketch of our episcopate, however brief, to

omit his name would be inexcusable. He was the personal friend and pastor of Gen. Washington;—“a large, stout man,” so Mr. Custis describes him, “compact, and rather tall and strong, gentle and gentlemanlike” in his manners, but “firm; a favorite with the officers of the army; himself a chaplain to the Third Virginia Regiment; an intimate associate with the best and most refined families; always a welcome guest at Mount Vernon.” Like our own dear Bishop Moore, he was a native of New-York City, and like him had also been a practising physician. Receiving orders from the Bishop of London in 1770, he settled first in New Jersey, a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1771 he removed to Leesburg, highly recommended to them by the Governor of Virginia. In 1776 he entered the army, and served as chaplain until the close of the year 1779, when he was chosen Rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, and continued such until his death at Bishop White’s house in Philadelphia, the 3d of August, 1789. He was a prominent man in this Diocese from its very first formation, and very active in promoting the restoration of the Church. Before any steps towards organization, either in the general Church or the Diocese, had been taken, he attended the first meeting of the Clergy in New York, October, 1784, at which some principles of ecclesiastical union were adopted, and the first “General Convention” was proposed. In Virginia’s first Diocesan Convention he was the leading clerical deputy, chosen for the General Convention of 1785, and elected their secretary by that body. In 1786 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the

University of Pennsylvania, and was made president of the General Convention of that year, having been already chosen to the office of Bishop by his own Diocese. But he was never consecrated. Poverty in his own purse, and poverty and indifference combined on the part of the Diocese, prevented his going to England with the other candidates for consecration; and, after waiting for three years for the Diocese to raise the money to send him, he resigned his appointment. Pity and shame upon our poor, proud Church! Unable? No! *unwilling* to raise a hundred pounds to procure a Bishop! Some excuse may be given. Our people under the Establishment were never *taught to give*. Most of the Clergy were scattered, and the people impoverished by the war. Still we must say the delay in obtaining our episcopate must be remembered against ourselves, as a ground of humiliation to the laity, even more than to the Clergy, of the oldest and the largest Church in America. Dr. Griffith, however, was again honored by an election to the General Convention of 1789; and during its session he died of acute rheumatism. The Convention, by resolution, made all arrangements for his funeral, — appointed the senior Clergyman of each Diocese (except Virginia) to act as pall-bearers, the other members to attend as mourners; invited the Clergy of all denominations in the city to attend; Dr. William Smith to preach the funeral sermon, and Bishop White and Mr. Andrews, Virginia's lay deputy, to walk as chief mourners. "There may have been many men more brilliant than Dr. Griffith," says Dr. Hawks, "but he was practical and active; and when he died the Church

lost a useful and a worthy man." Dr. Smith tells us: "In the service of his country in our late contest for liberty and independence, he was near and dear to our illustrious Commander-in-Chief. He was also his neighbor, and honored and cherished by him as a pastor and friend." He was a sound and able divine, and "highly estimable among us;" a true son, and afterwards a father, as Bishop-elect of our Church; with his voice always, with his pen occasionally, supporting and maintaining her just rights, and yielding his constant and zealous aid in carrying on the great work for which we are assembled. I am sure we need not be ashamed of Virginia's first choice for Bishop.

Still less need we blush for *the second*; for him who was favored by God to bring at last to the suffering Church in Virginia that apostolic office which ought to have been given her by the Church of England *one hundred and eighty years* before. The *Rev. James Madison* was born near Port Republic in Rockingham County, Va., then West Augusta, Aug. 27, 1749. He was second cousin to President Madison, and came of heroic, as well as highly educated, stock. His father, John Madison, was the pioneer of the Western branch of his family, originally founded in Westmoreland. He settled on lands on which he found it necessary to build a fort to protect his wife and children from the incursions of the Indians. The Bishop's brother George was colonel in our army during the War of 1812, won distinction, and was afterwards Governor of Kentucky. "The annals of the State, of the army, and of the Church," says the accomplished biographer

of the President, "have thus all in their turn been illustrated by the name of Madison." At the age of nineteen young Madison entered William and Mary College, and soon obtained high distinction both for scientific and classical attainments. He graduated in 1771 at the age of twenty-two, winning the "Botetourt" gold medal, the highest honor in the School of Languages. He began to study law under Chancellor Wythe, and was admitted to practice. But in 1773, after having been elected professor of mathematics in William and Mary, his thoughts were turned to the ministry of the Episcopal Church; and, in the spring of 1775, he proceeded to England for ordination. It was a standing order of the Board of Visitors of that old college in that day, in order to encourage the growth of the ministry, to appropriate to every student of divinity fifty pounds out of the college funds, to defray the expenses of a trip to England for ordination. By this means he took orders, and returned at once to the duties of his professorship. In 1777, though only twenty-eight years old, the statute of the board, which required the president to be thirty years of age, was suspended in his favor, and he was elected president of the college. This position he held for thirty-five years, until his death. In 1785 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania. "At all periods of his life," Dr. Hawks tells us, "he was much devoted to scientific studies, and furnished several valuable papers to literary and philosophical publications. His habits were those of a student, mild and benevolent in disposition, with simple yet courteous manners. He was

much esteemed by the circle of his immediate friends." The best picture of him is from the pen of one of his pupils, President Tyler : —

“ He was spare in his form, but approached six feet in height. He possessed not the massive brow so indicative of deep thought and clear mind ; but yet a single glance impressed you with the idea that you stood in the presence of one whose life had been devoted to study, and who might justly be regarded as rightfully exercising the office of a high priest in the temple of science. His manner to the inmates of the college was kind and parental. His reproof was uttered in the gentlest tones, nothing harsh, nothing morose ; but his chidings wore always the appearance of being uttered more in sorrow than in anger. No one who attended the college while he presided over it hesitated to acknowledge him as a second father. As president he exercised a general superintendence over the whole college ; and his attentions were bestowed equally upon ‘ the grammar boys ’ as upon the students of the higher classes.”

A curious illustration of this spirit of kindness is given us in the pages of a book of “ Travels ” written by a young Irishman, Isaac Weld, a connection of the poet Tennyson, who, about the year 1795 or 1796, called at Williamsburg, and took dinner with the president. He says, —

“ The Bishop of Virginia is president of the college, and has apartments in the buildings. Half a dozen or more of the students, the eldest about twelve years of age, dined at his table one day while I was there. Some were without shoes or stockings, others without coats. During the dinner they constantly rose to help themselves at the sideboard. A couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup formed the above dinner. I only mention this, as it may convey some idea of American colleges and American dignitaries.”

The temper of this wild young Irishman was evidently very cynical and very objectionable. He afterwards expressed regret at the publication of his book; but to us his reckless criticism throws a flash of light upon Bishop Madison's private life, nowhere else to be found, and confirms President Tyler's account of him, that his parental care was bestowed equally upon the shoeless grammar boys as upon the students of the higher classes.

As a preacher Bishop Madison was very popular among the educated classes, and as a reader remarkably attractive to all. "Nothing could exceed," says Mr. Tyler, "the impressiveness of his reading, or the clearness and distinctness of his enunciation. The deep tones of his voice, and its silvery cadence, were incomparably fine. It has been my fortune to hear our first and most distinguished orators, as well in our public assemblies as in the pulpit; but I recollect nothing to equal the voice of Bishop Madison. No word was mouthed, no sentence imperfectly uttered; but all was clear and distinct, and fell in full harmony on the ear. In the pulpit he was regarded as eminently eloquent. His style was copious and Ciceronian, and his manner strikingly impressive. His discourses were not so much of a doctrinal as a moral cast. He addressed himself to the moral sense, and enforced the importance of observing the high moral duties." The Bishop's first address to his Convention, in the spring of 1791, shows how heavily upon his heart lay the responsibilities of his high office, and with what good sense and piety he began his endeavors to fulfil them. He exhorts

the Clergy, first, with great earnestness, to renew their vows of consecration, and to increase their zeal in their holy work. He fearlessly charges upon them much of the spiritual deadness, and defection from the Church, which was then prevailing. In the most practical and pointed way, he suggests improvements in their sermons, both as to matter and to manner. As to matter, they must, as ambassadors for Christ, make their constant aim *the salvation of souls*. They must preach to the *wants of the poor* as well as of the better educated. They must make known *the Gospel of Christ* and the *manner of our redemption*. As to manner of delivery, they must cease the dry *reading of sermons*, do without manuscript as much as possible, and throw more warmth and genuine feeling into both reading and preaching. Could any advice be better? Then he recommends the exercise of discipline upon themselves *first*, and then upon the laity; more frequent communions in their own parishes, and associations with their brethren in each other's parishes; the writing and circulation of tracts, both controversial and devotional. Admirable in spirit and in the wisdom of the suggestions!

From Bishop Madison's Convention addresses we gain perhaps the best view of the deplorable condition of our Church in his day; for the Bishop's vision was keen, his views were *evangelical*, and his standard was high. He was possessed also with a true Churchly spirit of liberality to other bodies of Christians. "His heart was intensely fixed on uniting, if possible, all sincere Christians." "There is no one," he says, "but must cordially wish for such a union, provided it did not require a sac-

rifice of those points which are deemed essentials by our Church: from them we have no power to retreat. But in such matters as are subject to human alteration, if, by a candid discussion, they could be found capable of being so modified as to remove the objections of any sect of Christians, and thereby effect a union, we should surely have reason to rejoice, not only in the event, but also in being *the first* to set an example to Christians, which it is the duty of all to follow, and in convincing them that there is infinitely more religion in not contending than in those things about which they contend." All honor to our first Bishop for these noble sentiments! To his praise, too, let it be recorded, that he was the first man to bring to the notice of the Church, in the General Convention of 1792, "a plan of union among all sincere Christians." Our present Standing Committee on Unity is a tardy outgrowth of the motion made in the House of Bishops *by the First Bishop of Virginia*. But with all his earnestness and talents, Bishop Madison did but little to support our falling Church. His emphatic protests against the sins of the Church and of the age did comparatively nothing towards removing them. Down, downward to the very "dust of death," went our poor Church, undermined by a fashionable infidelity, fostered by friendship with France, and admiration of Mr. Jefferson and his principles; stunned by the fatal blows which levelled the Establishment, and deprived our Clergy of their salaries; sneered at as "*the British Church*," and "the pet child of monarchy;" and all her life-blood exhausted by the exodus of the Methodists, and the untiring efforts of every other

body of Christians around her to draw away disciples after them. One single instance may serve as an example. In Bath Parish, Dinwiddie County, there were three churches under the ministry of the Rev. Devereux Jarratt, a noble preacher of a genuine Gospel. On sacramental occasions, he tells us, the number of communicants in the year 1773 often reached nine hundred or a thousand. After the Methodists separated themselves, and formed a Church of their own, he says, "Where hundreds used to attend my sermons, I can now scarcely get *forty* hearers." Then "genuine religion, the religion of *love*, flourished:" now "communicants have decreased *tenfold*, and love and harmony are gone." Still, at the rallying call of her first Bishop, there was a slight revival of spiritual life. The zeal and piety of the laity had not become entirely extinct. The Bishop found, on his visitation, congregations in general numerous, and attentive to our forms of worship, and the Clergy, though wanting a decent maintenance, for the most part exemplary and diligent in the discharge of their duties. In five parishes of the tide-water section, upwards of six hundred were confirmed; and the aspect of affairs was beginning to be cheering. But what could a Bishop, however zealous and accomplished, do for the prosperity of the Church, *tied down* as Bishop Madison was to the college in Williamsburg, and to its exacting duties? The spiritual ancestors of our Bishops, the blessed Apostles, were, in their unlimited sphere of jurisdiction, almost always the pioneers of the glorious Gospel which they bore around to the ends of the earth to *every creature*; and they appointed

elders in the churches they themselves had gathered. When diocesan episcopacy began in Timothy at Ephesus, and Titus at Crete, and James at Jerusalem, and the angels of the seven churches, the law of their ministry was still, "Do the work of an *evangelist*." How, then, could the life of a dying Church be, by any possibility, kept in her by a chief officer who was engaged in secular duties nine months of the year, and made his visitations only in a three-months' vacation? Dr. Hawks well says, "The times called for uncommon activity in the episcopal office." "Obliged by canon to visit each church in his Diocese at least once in three years, there is not one of the American Bishops not enfeebled by age or disease, who does not aim to do more than this. Many of them pay an annual visit to each parish, and this course is felt by them to be essential to the growth and prosperity of the Church. If in these times such diligence be necessary, it is obvious that *less would not suffice* when the Church was seeking to recover from a blow which had well nigh destroyed her."

Fettered as he was, however, Bishop Madison continued to meet and address his annual conventions, and to aid them with his pen in their fruitless struggles against the spoiling hand of the Legislature, which now, under Mr. Jefferson's lead, was about to confiscate her property, and at last successfully accomplished it by the Glebe Act of 1802. Bishop Madison maintained on principles of law the rights of the Church. His views were sustained by four of Virginia's ablest jurists,—Bushrod Washington, Edmund Randolph, John Wick-

ham, and George Keith Taylor, — and, at a later day, by the Supreme Court of Appeals. But the great Head of the Church, Himself, as if to cut loose His people from all earthly dependence, refused to permit the decision to be pronounced in her favor. Judge Pendleton died only the night before he was to have rendered it, with the decision in his pocket. The court was then equally divided. To this day the Church remains defrauded of her rights. Meantime, the long-continued contest for these rights was slowly but surely destroying the feeble spiritual life which had been revived in the Church by the Bishop's first efforts. Discord and contention produced their usual consequences, spiritual declension and decay. The bitterness and wrath, the malice and the evil speaking, grieved away the Holy Spirit of God. In 1799 the Bishop thus addressed his convention: —

“ Ah, brethren! is it not a melancholy truth that your temples are the just emblems of your regard for religion? You see them almost everywhere tottering to their base. Shall ruin seize them? Shall these venerable fabrics perish, and leave not a trace of public worship among us? Is not even the appearance of religion almost laid aside, nay scoffed at, by the great bulk of society? Do not our days of public worship manifest this truth? Does not the *entire neglect of parents in the religious instruction of their children* manifest this truth? Does not the rapid growth of immorality in general, of profaneness and impiety; do not the beginnings of prodigious crimes; does not that party rage, which, not content with blasting by slander's envenomed breath the well-earned fame of honesty and worth, but tiger-like, thirsts even for the blood of fellow-citizens, — do not all these effects demonstrate *that religion no longer dwells among us?* ”

From 1799 onward, until 1812, the time of the

Bishop's death, things grew no better, but rather worse. The General Convention of 1811 at New Haven became hopeless. "They fear," said the House of Deputies to the Bishops, "that the Church in Virginia is so depressed that there is *danger of her total ruin.*" And the voice of Bishop Madison was only an echo and re-echo of the same painful sound. Shut up as he was in his pleasant prison-house in Williamsburg, it continued to utter, like the prophet Jeremiah, only notes of lamentation and woe, until at last, hopeless of doing good, it was hushed in silence, March 6, 1812. In 1805, on the plea of bodily infirmities, he asked for an assistant,—“the first instance,” says Dr. Hawks, “in the history of the American Episcopal Church, in which mention is made of Assistant Bishops;” but the Virginia Convention postponed action, and never met again until after his death. Evidently a vast deal more was needed for the Church's revival, besides eloquent preaching and piety and learning, and unquestioned regularity of orders. Even inspired apostles could not build up the early Church, until persecution had swept over it, and they themselves had suffered pains of martyrdom, and become indued with special power from on high. And what a power is given from on high to *tribulation!* Our Virginia Church seemed to need repeated blows from the chastening hand of her God. Loss of property was not enough. That seemed only to irritate. The removal of her teachers. That was only too readily assented to. At last, a tremendous judgment from Heaven—the burning of the Richmond Theatre, with the Governor of the State, and more than seventy of Virginia's best

people — seemed to awaken and to bring to their knees a lukewarm Church. In these “perilous times” of “the last days,” when human life has become *so cheap*, it is very hard to form a true conception of the deep and widespread influence of that appalling disaster. Throughout the whole country it was talked of and dwelt upon in parlor and in pulpit. In the parishes of England, it furnished the theme of many a solemn admonition. The great “Dresser of the Vineyard” was Himself at work, digging about the roots and pruning the branches of the vine which His own right hand had planted. There, on the ashes of that old theatre, stands now, in its meek, solemn majesty, the “Monumental Church,” most fitly named, — the spontaneous offering to their chastening Lord of an afflicted and repenting people!

In 1814 God sent in mercy to his suffering Church, still in tears all over the State, another Bishop, an *apostle Barnabas*, indued indeed with “singular gifts of the Holy Ghost,” and with grace to use them always to God’s honor and glory. “He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people were added unto the Lord.” Seven Clergymen and seventeen laymen formed the Convention that elected Bishop Moore. He was chosen by twenty-three votes out of the twenty-four; the other vote having been cast for Richmond’s favorite, “good old Parson Buchanan.” That it was indeed the blessed Spirit who gave the men of this Convention “a right judgment,” is evident from the results that soon began to follow. *Richard Channing Moore*, the second Bishop of Virginia, was born in the city of New York, Aug. 21, 1762. His father was

Thomas Moore; and his grandfather, the Hon. John Moore, one of the King's council for the province, a lineal descendant of Sir John Moore of Berkshire, knighted by Charles I. The Bishop's mother, who, under God's blessing, formed his religious character, was Elizabeth Channing, "a lady of highly respectable family of New-York City, of the finest disposition and accomplishments, and of devoted piety." She, like Hannah, dedicated her son to the service of her Lord; and the history of his childhood shows how thickly sown were the seeds of personal holiness, and of that reverent familiarity with holy things which seemed to foretell his consecration to the ministry. He was a boy-preacher, with a decided taste for elocution and a talent for public speaking. His mother was one of a band of pious ladies belonging to Trinity Church, who, encouraged by Dr. Ogilvie, one of Trinity's assistants, a man of fervent zeal, met at each other's houses every week for social worship and religious improvement, *always closing them with a collection*. Mrs. Moore frequently took her little boy with her. Who is there here of the old Monumental congregation that may not remember how our dear old Bishop perpetuated these teachings of his childhood in the week-day lectures, which he used to announce from his pulpit to be held "*at the residence of Mistress Elsie Williams,*" or of "*old Mistress Hayes*"? Who can say that many of the cold parishes of these days might not be revived by the use of just such *teachings*, "*from house to house,*" as this genuine successor of the apostles adopted? But the bright promise of the Bishop's childhood was not at once realized. He grew

up in the gay circles of fashionable life in New York, only to adopt its irreligious habits and some of its positive vices. He entered upon the medical profession, not the ministry, and practised on Long Island and in the city. He married at the age of twenty-two, still an unchanged man, of quick temper and a too ungoverned tongue. Once, in the presence of his wife, he gave way to the senseless sin of profanity; and the bitter tears of this pious wife, and her fervent prayers for him on that occasion, seem to have been the means first employed to show him his guilt and vileness. Like Bishop Ravenscroft of North Carolina, whose experience was very similar,—nay, like the chief of the apostles,—sin must be permitted to “revive” powerfully, and show its hideous life in his soul, before pride and self-sufficiency could begin to die. About this time, also, another incident occurred. He went one day into a barber-shop to have his hair dressed: he carelessly opened a Bible on the table, and his eye caught the words, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” The sentence proved a call from the Lord Jesus indeed. It rang in his ears. It lingered in his memory. It brought him at last to say, with sincere contrition, “Lord, *what wilt Thou have me to do?*” He obeyed the call, and, having finished a preparatory course of study, was ordained Deacon in old St. George’s Church, July, 1787, by Bishop Provoost, who, just five months before, had been consecrated in England. It was the first ordination that had ever taken place in New York, and there were but six Clergymen there to welcome the new Bishop. In September of the same year, and in the same church, he

was admitted to the Order of Priesthood. From that time onward to the hour of his death in Lynchburg, November 1841, the blessing of a God of love seemed to rest with peculiar power upon his labors as a pastor, as a preacher, and as a prelate.

At Rye, Westchester County, where he staid two years, he strengthened the Church, and built a new house of worship. On Staten Island, where he staid twenty years, his ministry was most signally favored by the presence of the Holy Spirit. It was in this parish that occurred that well-known event in his ministerial history, which, alas! brethren, is not paralleled in many of ours. He had been preaching at one of his usual stations in the afternoon; and, the ordinary closing devotions being ended, he pronounced the benediction. But not a person moved to retire. All seated themselves in the attitude of fixed and solemn attention. A member of the Church arose, and said, "Dr. Moore, the people are not disposed to go home: please give us another sermon." At the close of that, the like scene was repeated. And the services were continued until, at the close of a *third sermon*, the preacher was obliged to say, "My beloved people, you must now disperse; for, although I delight to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, my strength is exhausted, and I can say no more." It was the beginning of a glorious revival of religion, and during that year more than a hundred communicants were added to the Church. From Staten Island he removed to St. Stephen's Church, New-York City; and his five years' ministry there increased the communion from twenty to four hundred. What were the fruits of his labors

among us in the twenty-seven years God gave him to Virginia? The Clergy increased from eight or ten to ninety-five. In the first year of his episcopate he admitted three persons to the ministry, and enrolled four candidates. The communicants increased from *three or four hundred* to nearly *four thousand*. But figures cannot express the amount of life and vigor which had been given to the whole Diocese; the hopefulness and activity infused into both Clergy and laity; that "*joy of the Lord which is our strength*," in which our Diocese at that time abounded. When Bishop Moore was taken from us, the Church in Virginia was growing rapidly; she seemed "alive unto God," and her daily prayer seemed to be visibly answered. Her "Bishops and other Clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge," were having poured upon them "the healthful spirit of God's grace," the "*continual dew of His blessing*." It was *this* that made our old Virginia Conventions so delightful and so profitable. The spirit of those conventions was Bishop Moore's own spirit,—eminently social, yet restrained from any thing like levity by an abiding sense of the Divine presence, with a tenderness of heart and a fervency of spirit in His worship, drawn from the attractive purifying power of our crucified Saviour, who on such occasions was always "lifted up" before the people conspicuously by a band of Clergy, who, like their Bishop, seemed to feel that *they themselves* had "*received mercy*." Our Barnabas was indeed endued with gifts which peculiarly fitted him for the work God gave him, to raise our fallen Church. *No other man could have done as well*. He had such a peculiar skill in exhortation.

He was so pre-eminently “a son of consolation.” Then his personal appearance was so attractive. “His snow-white locks,” says one who saw him often, “which hung in thick profusion over his shoulders; his face, broad and full; his eye, so expressive of benevolence and charity; and his lips, evermore wreathed with a smile such as a kind father wears towards his children, — added to a walk and a deportment which bespoke to the beholder the man of God, — made an impression upon one, not easily to be forgotten.” His voice was sweet, clear, and flexible; his enunciation very distinct; and his delivery, without the least affectation, remarkably impressive. In the General Convention of 1808, in Baltimore, he was a deputy from New York, and chairman of a committee of the House to propose additional hymns to our then very scanty stock. When he read the report, one hymn after another was adopted without discussion, until at last an opponent of the measure arose, and said, “*I object* to the hymns being read by that gentleman; for we are so fascinated by his style of reading that we shall without hesitation adopt them all.” That persuasive voice was peculiarly effective in his exhortations. When “stirred up,” as he expressed it, by any of his brother ministers, in an effort to “win souls” to the Saviour, the full flow of his sympathetic nature, and the warmth of his loving heart, made him a preacher of uncommon power. His pastoral gifts were no less remarkable. With a good deal of dignity, he was eminently sociable and cheerful, looking always on the bright side of things; with admirable prudence and common-sense; the tenderest comforter in a sick-room and in affliction:

there was not a home or a church in all the Diocese that was not purified and refreshed by a visit from him, nor a child whom he met that did not wish to see him again. It was by *these annual visitations chiefly, that the life of the Diocese was restored.* If he had only been loosed from his parochial ties, how *much more* might he not have effected! “Wherever he went,” says Dr. Hawks, “he diffused a portion of that zeal which inspired his own labors; and in those labors no one could be more abundant. He traversed his Diocese from north to south; and, crossing the mountains more than once, his presence was both seen and felt eastward of the Blue Ridge. He was compelled to be a missionary, or see his Diocese go backward.” Must not that be always the case? Is not the Bishop’s office that of the chief missionary of his Diocese? Has not the Church in Virginia *always grown in proportion as our Bishops have thrown themselves among their people?* Thus our good Bishop Moore labored on cheerfully, untiringly, up to the last moment of his life, Nov. 11, 1841, when at the house of one of his dear sons of the Clergy, the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, afterwards Bishop of North Carolina, in the eightieth year of his age, he gently breathed his last. When told by his host he could not live, “*Well, sir,*” he answered, “*I trust all things are arranged with me for both worlds.*” When asked what message he had for his family, “*Nothing but love,*” he said, “*for his dear children.*” Brethren, we of the Diocese are his children. The last breath wafted to us all from his lips, let us remember it, brethren of the ministry, “*Nothing but love!*”

But Bishop Moore was not the only instrument, by any means, our Good Shepherd employed to recall his scattered sheep, and to restore his flock in this old Diocese. In the convention that called him, there were some four or five active and earnest young prophets and teachers, who, like those at Antioch, often fasted and prayed before the Lord, concerning the interests of his Church; and to them God the Spirit often spoke.

There were the Aarons and the Hurs, who, at their Bishop's side, helped him to hold forth before the fainting eyes of our struggling hosts "*the rod of God*;" and upon their strong arms it was his delight to lean. The Revs. William H. Wilmer, Oliver Norris, John Dunn, and William Meade were his most efficient co-laborers in the cause which lay nearest to all their hearts,—the revival of true religion in the Church of this old Diocese. The three first mentioned finished their course before their beloved leader. It was upon the last one of the four, the Rev. William Meade, that the chief weight of his important and burdensome office was made to rest twelve years before Bishop Moore's release; and finally, in 1841, he succeeded to all its responsibilities.

The key of spiritual government could not have been laid on broader or better shoulders, nor could the high office of leader in the dispensation of the Gospel have been committed to a more faithful messenger of the Lord of hosts. In *every inch of him a man*, of commanding presence, and with talents to command, if the army or the navy had been his choice, he would have *surely made his mark and won success*. But the fervent prayers of a mother whom he dearly loved, and honored as well as

loved, were answered by his choice being directed, at the age of eighteen, to the sacred ministry, instead of to the bar, to which his thoughts at first were turned.

He was born in the county of Frederick (now Clarke), Virginia, Nov. 16, 1789, the fifth child of Col. Richard Kidder Meade and Mary Grymes, whose first husband was William Randolph of Chatsworth. About seventeen years old, he was sent to Princeton instead of to William and Mary College; for at that time (1806) "the College of William and Mary," he tells us, "was regarded as the hotbed of infidelity and of the wild politics of France. Strong as was the Virginia feeling in favor of the 'alma mater' of their parents, the Northern colleges were filled with the sons of Virginia's best men." He graduated at Princeton, the valedictorian of a class of more than forty, and through the influence of a much-loved cousin, Mrs. Custis of Arlington, determined to pursue his studies in divinity under the care of Rev. Walter Addison of Georgetown. It was while reading under Mr. Addison's direction, and chiefly through the instrumentality of two books, — Soame Jenyns on "The Internal Evidence of Christianity," and Wilberforce's "Practical View," — that he received those strong views of evangelical truth, which colored all his preaching, and governed him in all his future work. He says, himself, "The first clear, satisfactory, and delightful view of the necessity and reasonableness of a propitiation for sin by our blessed Lord was presented to my mind" at that time. "I shall never forget the time or the instrument, or the happy effect, and how I rose up again and again, from my bed, to give thanks to God

for it." In the summer of 1809 he returned to Princeton to complete his theological preparation ; but, while there, he was taken with a dangerous illness, which stopped his studies, and he returned to his mountain home. A few months after, having no rules of a theological seminary, nor the fear of a dean and faculty, before his eyes, and just in his twentieth year, he happily married a near cousin to whom he had been for some time engaged. It is but right to say, however, in his book on the "Pastoral Office" he decidedly discourages young candidates for the ministry from following his example. Pursuing, then, the labors of his farm and his studies together for about a year longer, he was admitted to Deacon's orders by Bishop Madison, in the old church in Williamsburg, on the morning of Feb. 24, 1811. It was a bright Sunday morning. Two ladies and fifteen gentlemen formed the congregation, most of them his own relatives. One citizen was filling his ice-house, and companies of students with their dogs and guns were going to spend the day in hunting. Such was the religious condition of our Church in the old Colonial capital! Soon after he was ordained Deacon, he took charge of Christ Church, Alexandria, and some time next year was admitted to the Order of Priesthood by Bishop Claggett of Maryland. From the beginning of his ministry, his stand among the Virginia Clergy became a conspicuous one. He was connected by blood or marriage with many of the first families of the State ; and the very fact of his taking orders in the Episcopal Church, so low was its condition then, awakened a large amount of surprise at his boldness, as well as of warm

interest in his success. It was some years after his ordination that Judge Marshall told him, while giving him some money for the Seminary, "it was a hopeless undertaking, and that it was almost unkind to induce young Virginians to enter the Episcopal ministry, the Church being too far gone ever to be revived." But like the prophet Isaiah, in Israel's darkest days, to the soul of this young Virginian had been given a vision of the High and Lofty One, whose "train filled the temple," whose grace is omnipotent, and whose glory shall fill the whole earth. He heard His voice, "Whom shall I send? Who will go for us?" His soul, like the prophet, answered "*Woe is me! I am a man of unclean lips;*" but "*here I am, send me.*" And he who "touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire" certainly gave to this young man of God a message to His people in the Diocese, which he most faithfully delivered. It was a message oftentimes of warning, sometimes of sharp rebuke, but always solemn, always searching, and always the saving Gospel of our crucified Lord, quickening the soul by its life-giving precepts and its rebukes and chastenings as well as by its comforting doctrines and precious promises. "Whenever he preached," says his accomplished biographer, "a crowd gathered to admire, if nothing more, his manner of reading prayers and the eloquence of his sermons,—not the eloquence formed by art of oratory, but flowing from a heart pervaded by intense interest in his message and for his hearers, and which the peasant and the philosopher could alike appreciate and enjoy." "As a minister of the Gospel he was highly gifted. His youthful appearance at the first, the

manly presence into which this matured, his sound and vigorous and well-balanced intellect, his naturally brave and feeling heart, were very important contributions for efficiency in his sacred office. And when to these are added a voice singularly sonorous and sweet, and a manner very earnest and persuasive, it is unnecessary to say he was capable of the very highest order of eloquence."

To this let me add, his manner of reading the service was profoundly reverent and fervent. He *prayed*, not *read the prayers*. His sermons were highly practical and faithfully pointed. Their spiritual teachings came from his own deep religious experience. His theology was not drawn from books or "Bodies of Divinity." He confesses to a very scanty theological training. But it came from something far better. It came from his own warm heart, and his admirable common-sense, devoutly studying God's Word, and kept fresh and fervent by habits of *constant devotion*. He was early taught by his mother to realize the presence and the eye of God ever with him. Bishop Madison had recommended to him the "Sacra Privata," and other writings of Bishop Wilson. And his own book of "Family Prayers" shows to what a large extent he had imbibed the devout spirit of the old Bishop of Sodor and Man. His religion was therefore eminently of a spiritual type. While he constantly enforced the duties of the Christian life, he never failed to show both the motive and the power from which all actions must proceed to render them acceptable. He never would avow himself to be what is called a Calvinist, but no man ever valued more highly "the

doctrines of grace ;” and his associations and his sympathies were all with the writers and the men of that class. Yet his mind was averse to speculation ; and whatever tended, as he thought, to mere theorizings about holy truths, he had no fancy or toleration for. But when the controversy about the Oxford Tracts arose, and he thought the vital doctrines of our Protestant faith were threatened, he did not hesitate to say “the truth was safer in the hands of men of the Augustinian and Calvinistic schools than among their opponents.” So dear to him, as a Christian, were those truths which form a large part of the fabric of that system of theology ! No preacher ever proclaimed with more sincere feeling than Bishop Meade the corruption of human nature, nor dwelt upon it oftener. The older he grew, the more earnestly he sought to humble the sinner, and exalt the saving grace and power of the Divine Redeemer. Who that heard it can ever forget that remarkable Convention sermon of 1861, “ Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life ” ? No one but a man of the truest humility could ever have preached that sermon. *So much about himself*, and yet so evidently only to exalt the Lord and Saviour at whose feet he was *willing to show himself ashamed and humbled !* Such preaching as Bishop Meade’s could not fail to tell ; and, while it built up Christians in their holy faith, it also roused into more decided hostility the worldly minded, the formal, and the self-indulgent. One of the earliest and most important works which Bishop Meade accomplished for this Diocese was the creation of our Theological Seminary. As far back as 1815, at the

suggestion of Dr. John Augustine Smith, then president of William and Mary College, the Convention of the Diocese had considered a plan to establish a theological professorship in the college. Trustees of a fund to support the professorship were appointed, ten thousand dollars were raised, and the Rev. Dr. Keith occupied the position for two years. One student only presented himself, and the attempt was abandoned. About the time the Educational Society was formed, in 1818, frequent consultations were held at the house of Dr. Thomas Henderson of Georgetown, between himself, Francis S. Key, and the Revs. Messrs. Hawley, Wilmer, and Meade. The result was the establishment in Alexandria, in 1823, of the Theological Seminary under Dr. Keith, assisted by Messrs. Wilmer and Norris. To build up this institution, from that time onward Bishop Meade gave all the energies of his mind and body, and much of his "estate." "To him, more than to any one person in the Diocese, the Seminary owes its existence." Bishop Moore thus spoke of him to the Convention of 1828. Most appropriately, therefore, is inscribed upon that monument which whitens our Seminary Hill, "The founder and the liberal patron of the Theological Seminary of Virginia." The episcopate of Bishop Meade is marked most conspicuously, perhaps, by the introduction, both among ministers and people, of stricter views of discipline. Trained in his own early youth to strict obedience to parental authority, and to great plainness of dress and manners; cultivating as a matter of principle, in all his habits of life, economy and simplicity; always maintaining that discipline was a mark of the

true Church, — he boldly set himself, first as a parish minister and then as a Bishop, to correct that dangerous laxity in manners and morals, to which God's people at all times and in all places, while in contact with a seducing world, are fearfully liable; and from which the Church in Virginia, just emerging from the overflowing of infidelity and irreligion, was greatly suffering. To counteract the Church's worldliness, he sought to bring her members up to the high standard of their own formularies. No man ever loved the Episcopal Church, in all its distinctive features, more warmly and sincerely than Bishop Meade. Some one asked him to influence, by his advice, a young member of the Episcopal Church to join the church of the gentleman she was about to marry. He replied, "I have never advised any of my young people to leave their own church. *I cannot do it.*" Soon after he finished his book on the "Old Churches and Families in Virginia," he said, "I hope it will make some of the children of the old families that have left us, desire to come back." He loved our dear old Church, especially, because of the thorough *spirituality* of all her forms and teachings, their strict conformity to God's word, their peculiar fitness to promote a rich growth in grace and in the knowledge of our adorable Redeemer. To the teachings of our Church he was always turning the attention of the Clergy and laity, thereby to render discipline less necessary. Look at his many Pastoral Addresses to Parents and Sponsors; his Tracts on Confirmation, declared by Dr. Seabury, the Bishop's grandson, to be worthy of St. Chrysostom; his "Baptismal Vows and Worldly Amusements," — in all these, em-

phatically setting forth this truth, that, to be a good Episcopalian, the member of the Church must keep himself “*unspotted* from the world.” May his faithful warnings never be forgotten!

In his relations to the Church at large, Bishop Meade’s position ought to be noticed. No one of our Bishops had as much to do with the affairs of the Church out of our own Diocese, or impressed as strongly his character upon the mind and conscience of the whole American Church. He was sent to the General Convention as early as 1820, and in 1827 was voted for as assistant to Bishop White by Dr. Bedell and a large minority of the Clergy of Pennsylvania. Elected in 1829 Assistant Bishop of this Diocese, he seemed never to forget that he was still a Bishop of the Church of God, to exert his influence wherever it could be used for truth and purity. In the legislation of the General Convention, therefore, he always took a warm interest; and his *strong, active mind, good judgment, honesty, and earnest piety* soon gave him a leading position among those who agreed with his views, and commanded the *respect*, even if they did not in every case silence the bitter tongues, of those who differed from him. Bishop Alonzo Potter was once asked, “Who is the ruling spirit in the House of Bishops?” He said, “There is a man who lies on the sofa from ill health, who often seems half asleep; but let any question of moment come up, and he is wide awake, and wields an influence which no other man in the House of Bishops comes near.” As a reformer of the morals of the general Church, he certainly stands conspicuous. Like John the Baptist, he “constantly

spoke the truth, boldly rebuked vice, and patiently suffered for the truth's sake." But for Bishop Meade, it may be safely said the Episcopal Church in this country would never have been purified, as she certainly has been, at least in the ranks of her Clergy, by the well-known "trials" of 1844 and 1845, and of 1851. Two years and a half before his death, the General Convention was held, for the first time in the history of the Church, south of the Potomac, in this city and in this church; and the voice of Virginia, up to the Revolution the strongest part of the Church, seemed then for the first time to be allowed to have something of its proper weight and influence. The Diocese at that time numbered a hundred and thirteen Clergy and seventy-eight hundred communicants.

When the war separated the States, and the General Council of the Confederate Dioceses was formed, in 1861, Bishop Meade took his place among them as the senior Bishop, and presided at their deliberations. The last official act of his life was here at this chancel to lay his trembling hands, in consecration to the episcopate of Alabama, upon the head of the son of his early friend and co-laborer in Virginia, Dr. William H. Wilmer. He died a few days after, March 14, 1862, at the house of a valued friend, Mr. John L. Bacon, when the skies were darkening all around us with the heavy clouds of war. It was my privilege to stand at his bedside until he became unconscious, and to witness his last interview with Gen. Lee. It was eminently characteristic of the men. Visitors had been forbidden by the doctors; but, when the general was announced as having called, the

Bishop roused himself, and said, "I *must* see him for a few minutes." The general was brought in by Bishop Johns; and, grasping warmly the extended hand, he said, "Bishop, how do you feel?" — "I am almost gone, but I wanted to see you once more." He then made inquiries about the members of his family, — Mrs. Lee by name, the daughter of his much-loved cousin of Arlington, — and put several earnest, eager questions about public affairs and the state of the army, showing the liveliest interest in the success of our cause, to all which the general returned brief but satisfactory answers. He then said, "God bless you! God bless you, Robert, and fit you for your high and responsible position. I can't call you 'general,' I've heard you your catechism so often." — "Yes, Bishop," said the general as he stooped over him, and pressed his hand tenderly (and I think I saw a tear drop), "very often." Again our dying Bishop shook his hand warmly, and said, "Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you, and give you wisdom for your important and arduous duties." The general then slowly withdrew. Not one word said *for effect!* not a thing done that was not entirely consistent with the simplicity and majesty of perfect truthfulness!

An hour or two afterwards I took his hand, which was shaking with every throb of his heart, and asked him if he suffered much. "Yes," he said, "I suffer a good deal; *but I have a blessed Redeemer.*" *He died, as he had always lived,* VERY NEAR TO HIS LORD.

For more than twenty years before his death, even before Bishop Moore was taken, Bishop Meade's vigorous frame had begun to give way under the heavy duties

imposed upon him by this large Diocese. In the spring of 1842 he asked for an assistant; and so evident was the necessity, the Convention promptly responded by the election of the Rev. John Johns, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Baltimore. On the strong and tender arm of this beloved brother the Bishop leaned for nearly twenty years, with manifest relief and gratification.

Bishop Johns was born in Newcastle, Del., July 30, 1796. On his father's side he was of Welsh extraction. His ancestor, Richard Johns, a native of Bristol, Eng., emigrated to Maryland, and settled in Calvert County. In 1671, through George Fox's influence, he joined the Society of Friends, and became a minister among them, and a man of much influence for good in the province. The Bishop's father, the Hon. Kensey Johns, Chancellor of the Supreme Court of Delaware, whose venerable form we saw at the consecration of his son in the Monumental Church, October, 1842, was born at West River, Md., June 14, 1759. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and rendered efficient service in both Diocesan and General Conventions. He married, about 1783, Ann Van Dyke, daughter of Nicholas Van Dyke, delegate from Delaware to the Continental Congress, and president of the Commonwealth. Of their three sons and three daughters, the Bishop was the second son. It is remarkable how often in the chronicles of the kings, both of Israel and of Judah, we meet with the short sentence attached to the person named, "*His mother's name was*" so and so. Is it not to tell us *how much the son's character is formed by the mother?* It was certainly so with Bishop Moore and

Bishop Meade. No less so with Bishop Johns. His mother's devoted piety, and firm adherence to high religious principle both for herself and her children, saved her family from falling into those dreadful social sins of *Sunday visiting*, card-playing, drinking, and theatrical amusements, which surrounded the Bishop in his early youth. In 1812 he entered Princeton College, and during his four-years' course there, in a season of religious awakening, became a communicant. In Newcastle, Judge Johns's family had been accustomed to attend the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches alternately. Each of the ministers had a country parish, and they so arranged that they never officiated in the town the same part of the day on Sunday. The same congregation went in the morning to one church, in the afternoon to the other. As a natural result, in the judge's family, some of the children became Presbyterians and others Episcopalians; and the Bishop's mind remained for some time undecided as to the Church in which he should minister.

It was by the advice of one of his father's intimate friends, who afterwards became an eminent Presbyterian minister, — Dr. James P. Wilson, — his decision was at last made for the Episcopal Church. At Princeton was formed that friendship for Dr. Charles Hodge, which continued to increase in strength and tenderness for sixty-four years, and which, beautiful in itself, ministered greatly to his comfort to his dying day. Strange to say, our Bishop's decision for the Episcopal Church seems to have given to the Presbyterian Church one of her most valuable and honored ministers. Dr. Hodge

himself tells us how: "This decision of Bishop Johns, although neither of us at the time knew any thing about it, *determined my whole course in life*. When Dr. Archibald Alexander was appointed professor in the seminary at Princeton, he had under his care the departments of didactic, polemic, and pastoral theology, together with instruction in Hebrew. He soon found this was too burdensome, and therefore determined to select some young man on whom he might devolve the Hebrew department. He selected Johns. When he decided to enter the Episcopal Church, he took up with me."

Thus it is, God uses *every one of us, unconsciously, to influence others*. Bishop Johns's habits and career as a student are well worthy of notice and of imitation. There was a great deal of enthusiasm in his nature, well guarded, however, with a large amount of caution. In youth he was full of fun and frolic, bright in intellect and genial in disposition, passionately fond of hunting, and a fine shot. All this vivacity of natural temperament, and love of excelling, he threw into his studies; and the result was what Dr. Hodge tells us, "Johns was *always first*, — first everywhere, first in every thing. His success was largely owing to his determination *always to do his best*. He was always thoroughly prepared for every exercise in the college and in the seminary. When in the seminary, he would be able, day after day, to give what 'Turretin,' our text-book, calls '*the state of the question*,' — stating that the question is not this or that, until every foreign element is eliminated, and then the precise point in hand is laid down

with unmistakable precision. Then follows, in distinct paragraphs, the argument in its support. Then come the answers to objections. Dr. Alexander was accustomed to give us from twenty to forty quarto pages in Latin to read for a recitation. When we came to recite, the professor would place the book before him, and say, 'What is the state of the question?' 'What is the first argument?' Then, 'What is the first objection, and its answer?' Dr. Johns would be able, day after day, to give '*the state of the question,*' all the arguments in its support in their order, all the 'objections' and the 'answers' to them, through the whole thirty or forty pages, without the professor saying a word to him."

With such a thorough foundation, no wonder he took a high stand as a *preacher*. From the very *first*, this seems to have been his *aim*, — to excel *as a preacher*. The text of his first sermon, delivered in the afternoon of his ordination by Bishop White in St. Peter's, Philadelphia, June 10, 1819, was indicative of his purpose, and prophetic of his success. It was our Saviour's text, that of *His first* recorded sermon. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor," etc. Did he not, to the end of his life, try to fulfil his divine mission among us in the same Scriptural strain, just as his Saviour would lead him by the hand and suggest to him the topic and the words, with the "good tidings to the meek, deliverance to the captive, sight to the blind, liberty to the bruised, and acceptance with God," ever upon his lips? He never forgot his "Turretin," nor the systematic training it gave him. Still it was "the glorious Gospel

of the blessed God," which formed his theme through the whole of his ministry. At the risk of the charge of "sameness" in his discourses, he would continue to preach Christ and Him crucified, to all classes of hearers. Not for want of other matter. He *chose* to know nothing among men but that one theme. His mind was exceedingly quick and well furnished, and to the end of his days he was very careful in the *preparation of his sermons*. At first he memorized them. He would take his text on Monday morning, and by Wednesday evening the sermon was written: the rest of the week, he was committing it to memory. But he soon laid aside this method for a better one. He would impress upon his memory the thoughts of his sermon, arranging them methodically as he intended to utter them; helping his memory by copious notes, but *never bringing them into the pulpit*.

His natural gifts, moreover, were of an uncommon kind,—not merely the tenacious memory: his voice was well toned as well as well trained, his delivery exceedingly animated, and his gestures graceful. His readiness of utterance was most remarkable, and his choice of language exceedingly happy. One instance of his readiness of utterance came under my own observation. Just before the war, he was to confirm for me at Nottoway Court-house, then a mission station. He arrived in a freight-train, late and very tired. He assigned to me the service and the sermon, promising to make an address after sermon. I took my text, proceeded, and closed my sermon, and, turning to the Bishop, discovered to my dismay,—what the congrega-

tion fortunately had not discovered,—that he was *profoundly asleep*. The sound of my voice ceasing waked him up. He started to his feet; and, with only a moment's hesitation, he delivered one of the most appropriate and useful addresses I ever heard from him, exactly fitting into the sermon, and producing an excellent effect. He told me afterwards he had heard only the text. His first parochial charge was in Fredericktown, Md. It is interesting to know, that, as early as 1819, the acquaintance and the friendship of our two Princeton Bishops began. In "The Fredericktown Herald" of Aug. 7, 1819, the following notice was printed: "The Rev. John Johns and the Rev. William Meade are expected in town to-morrow, when the Protestant Episcopal Church will be opened for Divine service." There was only seven years' difference in their ages. In Fredericktown, Bishop Johns remained nine years, with God's rich blessing upon his ministry. There, too, he married, Nov. 20, 1820. While there, he was called to St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. He asked advice of Dr. Alexander upon the matter, and received in reply from that wise Christian minister words which all of us Clergy, especially the younger ones, would do well to remember: "*Do not think the amount of your usefulness depends upon the size of your congregation.*" During his ministry in Fredericktown, a young man who had been educated in the Church of Rome, and was then a student of law in Chief-Justice Taney's office, was one evening playing at billiards with a friend: they determined from curiosity to go and hear the new Episcopal minister, whose reputation was already rising.

God blessed that single sermon; and the next morning found the young law-student in that minister's study, asking what he should do to be saved. The final result was the entrance into our ministry of the Rev. John Thompson Brooke, one of our most distinguished and useful Clergymen. In 1829 Dr. Johns was called to Christ Church, Baltimore. There, also, his ministry was greatly blessed; and, when in 1842 he was elected Assistant Bishop of this Diocese, the congregation was one of the largest in Baltimore. His standing in that Diocese is shown by the fact that he was the prominent candidate for Bishop of the Low-Church party, during the memorable contest of 1840. In fulfilling his duties as Bishop Meade's assistant, he soon acquired throughout the bounds of this Diocese that popularity as a preacher he had always won elsewhere; and, instead of waning, it rather increased, as the experience of years and his own growth in grace made him more fervent in spirit and more anxious for the salvation of souls. Dr. Packard tells us, in his bright sketch of him, —

“Bishop Johns gloried in the cross of Christ. On the fifty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, he preached in the chapel of the Theological Seminary; and after expressing his gratitude to God, that He had called him by His grace to the ministry of reconciliation, and granted him so long a continuance in it, he earnestly and affectionately exhorted his young brethren never to be weary in the service of Lord and Master. He was a laborious preacher, and labored to the last. It was no uncommon thing for him to preach twice a day for a fortnight together.”

The Bishop's residence, after his consecration, was in Richmond; and during the winter and spring months,

before the season of his visitations began, he spared not himself. This congregation of St. Paul's, at least its older members, can bear witness how cordially he resumed the pastor's labors, and how faithfully he performed them, during the constrained absence one winter of their beloved and over-worked Rector (Dr. Norwood). In 1849 it was thought best that he should remove to Williamsburg, and do what he could, as president of the college, to revive its declining life. He assumed the position, and threw himself, with his accustomed zeal, into its duties. His daughter writes of that period, "Five happy years spent in the refined society, surrounded with the literary atmosphere, and pleasant associations with the professors, was most congenial to my father. His consideration and thought for the students still bear fruit in the lives and examples of many." Bishop Meade's testimony is still more emphatic: "During the five years of his continuance, notwithstanding the arduous labors of his episcopal office, he so diligently and wisely conducted the management of the college as to produce a regular increase of the number of the students, until they had nearly reached the maximum of former times; established a better discipline than perhaps ever before had prevailed in the institution; and attracted more students of divinity to its lectures than had ever been seen there in the memory of any now living." It seems, then, that in teaching, as well as in preaching, Bishop Johns was in his element.

In September, 1854, the Bishop removed to his own sweet home on the Seminary Hill at "Malvern," and soon began to identify himself with the interests of the

seminary, and to exert a marked influence over the successive generations of students thence passing into the ministry. The rude shock of war dislodged him from his quiet resting-place; and when the Federal troops invaded Alexandria, in 1861, he became, for the four dark years of our contest, a "refugee," enduring all dangers and discomforts with a quiet and even a cheerful spirit. With Bishop Meade, and many other patriots both in Church and State, he had disapproved of and prayed against the war. But, when forced out of the Union by the Government's resort to arms, he, with our elder Bishop, cast in his lot heartily with the South and the Southern Dioceses, and prepared to suffer. It was during the conflict that our elder Bishop, like Elijah, was translated, almost in a chariot of fire, not long before the battle of Seven Pines; and upon Elisha's shoulders rested the duties and responsibilities of keeping up the spiritual life of our poor shattered Diocese. During those eventful years, without a home, with many discomforts, he ceased not to teach and to preach, and, as he had opportunity, to do good unto all men. He offered the prayer at the inauguration of President Davis; and he preached the Gospel of peace to the soldiers in the camp, and to many of the regiments just on the eve of battle. The journals of 1863 and 1864 show how busy he was in supplying the Confederate army, personally and officially, with the ministrations of the Gospel.

Gen. Jackson, just before his death, sent him a special request to send, if possible, forty faithful ministers to supply that number of vacant chaplaincies in the army of the Rappahannock. Gen. Lee added his ear-

nest request, and the Bishop appealed to the council. By a solemn resolution the Bishop was asked to call upon the ministers then without parishes, to render religious services to the army for such a time and at such a place as he might designate; and the whole Clergy of the council, in a body, offered themselves for the work. Another war reminiscence is worth recalling. It illustrates his character, and his position in those trying days. Early in 1864 a letter reached him by flag of truce, from Dr. Addison of Wheeling, then a part of his Diocese, asking him to permit some Bishop to administer for him the rite of confirmation to the many candidates there awaiting that important ordinance, promising in the selection "to conform as closely as practicable to his known wishes on the subject." To this the Bishop replied courteously and affectionately; firmly declining, however, to give the permission asked, but offering with all readiness to go himself, on his parole of honor, to perform the service, if the Federal authorities would give him a safe-conduct. The "safe-conduct" was never given; but, when the war was over, the Bishop returned from his visitation to that part of his Diocese, much gratified by the courtesy and kindness with which he had been everywhere received. In the steps taken towards the *re-union* of our Dioceses in the fall of 1865, Bishop Johns was by no means slow to move. Having been invited, by a circular from the then presiding Bishop of the Northern Dioceses (Bishop Hopkins), to resume our representation in the General Convention of 1865, Bishop Johns advised the Diocesan Council to take action in response to the

invitation, plainly showing his own desire for *immediate re-union*. In this important matter, however, the Bishop was in *advance* of his Diocese. The committee to whom the matter was referred declined to recommend such action until sanctioned by the General Council of the Confederated Dioceses, to whom we felt ourselves pledged. The Church in Virginia was not represented in the General Convention of 1865.

Alone now in the office of the episcopate, Bishop Johns began the toilsome work of rebuilding the wasted parishes, and cheering the many darkened homes and broken hearts of his Clergy and people. Though blessed with an uncommon degree of health and vigor, he soon began to feel the incessant labor too great for one who had already attained his "threescore years and ten." In the spring of 1867 he intimated his need of an assistant. A majority of the committee to whom were referred the subjects of an assistant, and the division of the Diocese, were in favor of giving the Bishop relief by a division; but, as the need seemed pressing, they yielded their own wishes to his wants. His request was granted by the election of the Rev. *Francis M. Whittle* of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky. And, in the consecration of this our *fifth Bishop of Virginia*, the Church in the United States gave to the Diocese of Virginia the *first visible sign and seal* of her willingness to accept the proffered hand of reconciliation. On the 30th of April, 1868, our present Diocesan received his consecration at the hands of Bishop Johns himself, assisted by his brethren of Delaware and Ohio. "Thus," says Bishop Johns, "after an unprecedented and unreasonable delay

of twelve months, your right as a Diocese has been recognized, and your devout desire happily accomplished." And so it has happened a *second time* in the history of our Church, the Episcopate of Virginia became, by God's good providence, the keystone to make strong the foundation-arch of the Church prosperity in this country, by *completing the union of the Dioceses*. Mark that, ye brethren who desire Diocesan independence! *Twice*, in her history, has God made the Episcopate of Virginia to become *the seal* of the union of *all* the Dioceses, — first, when the Union was formed; next, when, broken by war, it was *again cemented*. Eight years longer after this was our Bishop spared to us, fulfilling more than thirty-three years of a most useful and honored episcopate. The Psalmist's description was true of him: he "shall bring forth fruit in old age;" "his leaf also shall not wither." His love to God and to his fellow-man seemed to increase as he grew older. His mind and heart enlarged and softened. His influence in the House of Bishops was year by year more distinctly felt and acknowledged. His opening sermon at the General Convention of 1871, "The love of Christ constraineth us," touched a chord in every true Christian's heart, and largely promoted the spirit of harmony and charity and missionary zeal which marked the proceedings of that body. Dean Howson, who was present, said of that sermon, "I could not help thinking of the Apostle Paul during the concluding words of that most effective, most serious sermon, which we had the advantage of listening to, from the Bishop, who was the preacher yesterday. I felt that he had concentrated in that ser-

mon the main spirit of St. Paul's life and character. And it seemed to me, as he spoke (evidently showing the traces of long experience and hard work), that there was a persuasiveness in his language and his manner of speaking which was extremely like what must have been witnessed and heard by those who listened to the great apostle. The impression at the close of that sermon was simply this: that I never before had fully understood the depth and breadth of those words, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints.'" It was at this convention, also, our Bishop showed his unabated vigor of mind, and his skill in the command of language, as well as his increasing influence among the Bishops, by the important part he took in framing the "Declaration of the House of Bishops" on the use of the word "regenerate" in the baptismal service. He told me it cost him a night's sleep to fix upon that single word "*determine*" in the sentence, "We declare, that, in our opinion, the word 'regenerate' is not there so used as to *determine that a moral change* in the subject of baptism is wrought by that sacrament."

Consulting next morning with Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Whittingham, the two extremes that were to be reconciled, to his delight he found the expression satisfactory to them both; and the Declaration was adopted almost unanimously. On the 19th of February, 1876, the Bishop preached his last sermon. Soon after came a slight attack of paralysis, and he felt and said *his work was done*. His dying hours moved slowly to their end, but they witnessed only un murmuring patience and abounding peace; sometimes seasons of unmeasured

comfort and joy, yes, of *exulting triumph*. “I would not raise a finger to dictate. It is *all well*. If the Lord had ordered it, I would willingly have labored on in this service. I *loved my work*, but God has ordered it otherwise. If He raises me up, I would strive to preach Christ with more zeal, and *His love more impressively*. I have preached it all my life; and, if I were to get up to-morrow, I *could preach nothing better* than that.” That expressive couplet was often upon his lips, —

“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.”

“That’s enough; that is the Gospel. The sting of death is taken away. Victory! Victory!” On the last Sunday of his life he prayed for all his Clergy and people: “O God, send down Thy Holy Spirit upon Thy Church and Thy ministers! May they proclaim Thy Gospel with power, to the salvation of souls! God bless my Church, my ministers, my people [opening his arms, as if he would embrace them all], and fold them in the arms of the Everlasting Covenant.” Often he would pray aloud for “humility;” for “grace to bear and be benefited by the trial;” to be “kept from the Tempter’s power.” As he grew weaker, he whispered, “*Guide me, wash me, clothe me, help me, under the shadow of Thy wings.*” And must he not have felt it to be a *special favor* vouchsafed his departing soul, that, in his last conscious moments, he was permitted to hear the voice of his own youngest son, one of our Clergy, commending his father’s spirit into the hands of his faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour, *humbly beseeching* Him that *it might be precious in His sight?*

And now, what final *lessons* does the remembrance of our rulers impress upon us? *Shall we glory in men? God forbid!* “*Your glorying is not good.*” “*Who, then, is even Paul, and who is Apollos,*” but ministers by whom ye believed, even as *the Lord gave to every man? To Him be all the glory, who “holds the stars in His right hand.”* “*We bless His holy name for the good examples of these*” our spiritual rulers, who have spoken to us the *Word of God*. Let us see to it that we “*follow their faith.*” Let our Church in Virginia, which has hitherto gained all her little strength from looking only to a *crucified Saviour, never, never turn away her eye from Him*. He “*walketh,*” too, “*among the golden candlesticks.*” He “*knows our works.*” Let us try always to realize His presence, to do His works, and to enjoy the light of His countenance. Brethren of the Clergy, let us follow our Bishops, as they have followed their Saviour. Let us *always* preach, “*not ourselves, but Christ Jesus our Lord,*” *simply, fervently, experimentally*. Like Bishop Madison, let us *protest earnestly* against the floods of *infidelity, irreligion, and lukewarmness* now rising around us everywhere, and try to *rouse ourselves* and others to more zeal and godliness. Like Bishop Moore, let us preach more fervently and continually *the love* of our *divine Redeemer*, and the unsearchable *riches of His grace*. Like Bishop Meade, ever studying to “*show ourselves approved unto God,*” not man, and keeping ourselves “*unspotted from the world.*” Like Bishop Johns, ready to *every good word and work*, proclaiming the Saviour’s *all-sufficient grace*, and counting the blessed *work itself its own “exceeding great reward.”*

CENTENNIAL SERMON.

PREACHED BY REV. O. A. KINSOLVING, D.D., BY REQUEST
OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE OF THE DIOCESE
OF VIRGINIA, IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND,
MAY 24, 1885.

“Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.” — Ps. *xlvi*. 12, 13.

ONE hundred years ago the venerable building in which we are assembled to-day to continue our commemoration of the completion of the first century in the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Virginia occupied the same ground on which it now stands. It was even then revered among the old sanctuaries in which the fathers of past generations had worshipped God, and was hallowed by historic associations both of a secular and religious character. It was here in this the oldest place of worship in the new capital of the new Commonwealth, this beautiful city upon the hills, during the Colonial days when the Church in Virginia was still under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, its connection with the mother Church of England not as yet having been severed, that devout Episcopalians were gathered together from Sunday to Sunday to worship the God of their fathers, with the

same holy offices, and in the same form of sound words in which we worship Him to-day. It was here, within these walls of an old Colonial Episcopal church, that in 1775,—ten years before the re-organization of the Church the centennial anniversary of which we now commemorate,—a political convention was held, before which the great orator of the American Revolution—himself an Episcopalian, the son of an Episcopalian, and the nephew of an Episcopal Clergyman—made that wonderful speech which accomplished such important results in establishing civil and religious liberty in this Commonwealth and in this country. It was here, too, that in 1788 another convention was held to ratify the Federal Constitution, which body was composed of men of as splendid talents and noble characters as any country in any times has produced, among whom the leading spirits were Episcopilians who had been taught to reverence God's sanctuary even though gathered under its roof in the transaction of secular business. These and other incidents in its early history, with the added fact, which connects it so closely with the services which we are now celebrating, that it is a *centennial church*, aye, almost a *bi-centennial church*, being much more than a hundred years old, dating its erection back to 1740; and having been standing here so long on this old hill overlooking the ancient river that flows at its base, "going on forever," it has witnessed the growth of the city, as it has extended its limits into the surrounding country dotted over with churches lifting their spires heavenward, among which a goodly number may be recognized as the prosperous daughters of this venerable

mother; and then as this ancient building has stood here “embosomed among these trees” as they have cast their shadows upon “the mansions of the dead,” and for a whole century has been looking out from these quiet shades abroad over the great Diocese of Virginia as it has gone on from prospering to prosper, growing up, like all important influences in our world, from small beginnings, being composed first of the gathered fragments of what remained of the Church after the Revolution, then repairing the old waste places, with their ruined churches and sequestered glebes, and, worse than all, their alienated people, winning them back to the faith of their fathers, reviving the spirit of piety throughout her borders, and causing even those not of her fold to say, “We now wish you good luck in the name of the Lord,”—I say, as this old Church of St. John’s has stood here through a century, connecting the present with the past,—the resort of antiquarians, the subject of civil as well as ecclesiastical tradition, the silent yet eloquent witness of the growth of the Church in Virginia,—if all those hallowing associations do not make this a *sacred* and a *classic* spot, then I know not where, on this continent at least, we can go to find one.

It seemed meet and right in our walk about our Zion during these happy memorial services, that we should remember as we draw nigh hither to-day, that “the place whereon we stand is holy ground,” not only consecrated long years ago to God’s service, but venerated because of the sacred memories of the past which cluster around it.

Our service to-day is a *memorial service*. If any one should ask, "What mean ye by such a service?" then the obvious answer is, that it is to call to mind God's mercies, and His gracious dealings with that branch of His Church in which our lot is cast, in order to awaken our devout gratitude to Him from whom all blessings flow, and to kindle afresh our faith and love and zeal in His service, that in our Church relations, as well as "in all our works begun, continued, and ended in God, we may glorify His name."

Yes, brethren, this is obviously the one grand object of such a memorial celebration as that in which we now participate. It is to glorify God, and not man: it is to "remember the days of old, the years of the right hand of the Most High, to meditate also of all His work, and to talk of His doings." As we gather here in this ancient sanctuary, as we have gathered in another church from day to day, to let our thoughts go back for a hundred years and to take in at a glance the history of the Episcopal Church in Virginia during that period, is it now, or has it been, only to magnify ourselves or our own work, or the work of the noble men whom God raised up and employed as instruments in the resuscitation and building-up of this Church in Virginia? I am sure this is not the spirit or object of this glorious occasion. It is rather to fix our thoughts, in humble thankfulness, on God's wisdom and loving-kindness in having preserved and blessed this Church with such a goodly measure of prosperity that the words of the prophet seem to describe it most appropriately, "a little one has become a thousand;" for a small band, assem-

bled in this city a hundred years ago to organize a Diocese out of the ruins of the Colonial Church, has become a strong organization, “in which Christ is faithfully preached, and the sacraments duly administered according to Christ’s ordinance,” and which has about it the elements of spiritual growth, of strength, stability, and perpetuity, for which we are not unduly elated or boastful, but humbly thankful, and ready “with one heart and one mouth to glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

When we review the position which the Episcopal Church occupied at the time when the first efforts were made towards its re-organization, not only in Virginia, but throughout the United States; when we see it emerging from that fiery ordeal through which it had passed during the war of the Revolution, which was not merely depressing in its influence but *consuming*, — enough indeed to have extinguished it forever if it had been the work of man only; when we observe its attitude and environment at that time, and then follow it on in its progress down to the present, we shall be ready to say, “Lo, what hath God wrought!” and we shall see what cause we have to think of His loving-kindness on this auspicious occasion, “in the midst of His temple.”

On the eighteenth day of May, 1785, the first Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia assembled in this city to begin the work of re-organization, when there were present thirty-six Clergymen and seventy-one laymen, — a goodly number, it would seem, of both orders, considering the times in which they met, and the circumstances by which they were sur-

rounded. It is right hard for us now to take in the situation then. These surviving Church-people were encompassed with difficulties on every hand; chief among which was the fact that the Church in Virginia, as in all the Colonies, had never been under any real episcopal supervision. It had been under the care of a non-resident Bishop, with the broad Atlantic ocean rolling between him and his distant spiritual jurisdiction, which left it in the anomalous position of an Episcopal Church without a Bishop to visit its congregations, to ordain its ministers or to confirm its members. And now, after the disruption between the two countries, the Episcopal Church in Virginia was cut off even from the imperfect supervision which it had formerly received, and its people were indeed "as sheep having no shepherd,"—a disorganized and scattered flock, which would have perished in the wilderness but for the tender, watchful care of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, who is never so near, never so gracious, never so watchful over His Church as when it is passing through some trying crisis in its history. So depressed were the members of that primary Convention of the post-Revolutionary days that they issued an address earnestly appealing to those who still cherished any love for the old Church, which was now disestablished and severed forever from all civil and political complications, to unite and co-operate fervently in the work of its revival. In plaintive words they asked, "Of what is this Church now possessed? Nothing but the glebes and your affections." And even those glebes were destined soon to be taken away. Already had that Church encount-

ered the strongest opposition. This was to be expected as entirely natural in the minds of a people, many of whom, from ignorance or prejudice, were unable to separate its Scriptural authority and teaching from the oppressions of the civil government with which it had been so closely connected, and whose yoke had so recently been thrown off. It was associated in the minds of vast numbers of people with the political institutions under which the Colonies had groaned; and being thus identified, most unjustly, with the wrongs they had suffered, they were alienated from it, and looked with suspicion upon any efforts that were made to rehabilitate it. No wonder, then, that, in the subsequent meetings of the Diocesan Convention for several successive years, the number of members gradually diminished, until at last the fear was expressed that the Episcopal Church in Virginia would be entirely extinguished. But happily "God's ways are not as our ways" either in His dealings with churches or individuals; for he often converts the most untoward events into sources of prosperity, making darkness light before Him, causing the thickest clouds that lower over us to pour out the most refreshing showers, making "even the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He restraineth." Was it not thus in the revival of the Episcopal Church in Virginia? Did not the causes of its decline after the Revolution become the sources of its purity and strength and progress afterwards? The fact that its property was in great measure destroyed or alienated resulted in immeasurable good by overcoming the old prejudices, by infusing

into the minds of people a just appreciation of her Scriptural foundation, and, more than all, by developing in her ministers and members that one leading apostolic grace of "striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

In September of the same year (1785) the first General Convention was held in the city of Philadelphia, which was attended by delegates from Virginia, and at which the incipient steps were taken towards a general re-organization of the Church, and the alteration and adaptation of the Liturgy to its changed condition. This work being done, the Prayer-Book as it is was ultimately adopted, with such alterations as were necessary in the altered circumstances of the Church, and as seemed good to the wisdom of the wise men who were its representatives in that important crisis. In the adoption of this book, which has now been in use for a century and is very dear to the hearts of all true Episcopalians, the work of the English Reformation was fully indorsed, the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the mother Church established in all essential parts, with the same articles of faith, the same liturgical forms, and the same offices of administration of the sacraments and other ordinances of Christianity, which had been in use since the Reformation, and many of which had come down as a sacred heritage of the Church from a remote antiquity.

Need we be reminded to-day, as we are engaged in this solemn ceremony of "walking about our Zion, and going round about her" to examine her foundation, and to trace her history, "tell her towers, and mark well

her bulwarks," that we find this Church of which we are members to be not only an *historic Church*, connected with the past, and tracing her form of government and religious worship and observances as well as her doctrines back to apostolic or primitive times, but a Church "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone"?

Antiquity, no doubt, does lend its charm to every thing pertaining to the permanent welfare of society and to all its institutions both human and divine; for whatever has long existed and still exists, having been tried, tested, and sanctioned by the experience of the past as well as of the present, is, for the most part, highly valued, and is appreciated all the more for being old. There is that in human nature, when it is not perverted or biassed by some undue influence, to reverence what is old, and to surround the past with sacred associations. And when an ancient lineage can be traced and a noble ancestry claimed for any institution, it gives weight to its claims, and adds to its merits the traditional sanction and recommendation of past generations.

But it must not be forgotten, that while some things are better other things are all the worse for being old. *Sin* is as old as the history of man; and yet it does not lose any of its sinfulness or gain any additional claims upon mankind because of the antiquity of its origin. *Error*, which is only akin to sin, may be very old, and in some of its varied forms may trace its lineage back to the very beginning; especially may some forms of *religious error* run back to the apostles' times: and yet

it is not more tolerable or lovely or attractive, but all the more to be dreaded and scrutinized and opposed because of its antiquity. There is a tendency in human nature to undervalue *old truth* and to cling tenaciously to *old error*. *Truth*, like its Author, is always the same, and changes not ; but to some minds it may become *antiquated* or *old-fashioned*, and ill suited to the times or to the progress of modern ideas ; while error being itself the outgrowth of the human mind, the human perversion of divine truth, appeals more directly to the nature in which it originated, and roots itself there more firmly and ineradicably. It is the same principle, developed in a different channel, that makes people dissatisfied with old usages as well as with old doctrines in religion, and to prefer something that is new and modern ; while the old errors are continually assuming new forms, and thus winning their way in the world through blind predilections for change. But, thank God, amid all the changes through which this Church of ours has passed, it has never been moved from its chief corner-stone, that one and only foundation on which it is built, which is the Rock of ages. "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord." We find Christ prominent everywhere in this Church, in her standards, in her offices, in her forms of worship, in every collect which is offered through Jesus Christ. He is the one central figure, to which they all point, like the needle to the pole, with magnetic attraction ; and let the mind of the student or devout worshipper vibrate as it may for a time between different theories, yet under this teaching, unbiassed by human glosses or forced interpretations, it is

sure to settle down to its equilibrium, being firmly fixed upon Christ. If He had not been put here where He is, which is just where the Bible places Him, as “the elect corner stone,” “the one foundation laid in Zion,” then what would be the value of our Church system, or of our claims to antiquity, apostolicity, or primitive order? Suppose this system of doctrine and polity had been covered up with human inventions and innovations, so that Christ had been made to occupy an inferior position, or had been hidden from our view so that we could not without difficulty find access to Him, then of what use would it be to us to be told that these dogmas or usages have come down to us from the olden times, and have been sanctioned by long experience and custom? We do not glory in a Church that rests upon any other foundation than that which is laid, which is Christ the Lord; nor do we mean by our service to-day to rejoice in our ecclesiastical organization only because of its antiquity. While we trace its lineage back, not through a hundred years only, nor through the two preceding centuries that connect it with the Reformation, but farther back still to the beginning, so far, indeed, as the “diligent reading of Holy Scripture and ancient authors make it evident:” still we do not celebrate its antiquity only, but we meet together to express our thankfulness that amid the “sundry and manifold changes” through which this Church has passed, it has not been moved from its foundation, nor has that foundation been buried out of sight by a superstructure of human theories or unauthorized additions, but stands where it stood at the beginning, — with Christ the

first, Christ the middle, and Christ the end of all her doctrine, of all her works, of all her worship, and of all her hope.

In the train of thought suggested by the text as suitable for our reflections on such an occasion as this, next to the foundation on which our Zion rests is that we “tell the towers thereof, and mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces;” which, without any strained interpretation, obviously means that we observe *the superstructure* that has been built upon that foundation. And if we find it according to God’s will, “ordered in all things and sure,” being in full strength for the work that is to be accomplished, then we should be thankful, and do our utmost to use and preserve without damage our heritage as we have received it, which can only be done by keeping its towers manned with watchmen who will be true to their high calling; to preserve her bulwarks as we found them, strongly fortified with “the truth as it is in Jesus,” and guarded at every point against error in every form; to let her *palaces* be adorned and beautified, not merely with outward symbols of architecture or ornaments of æsthetic taste or elaborate material decorations, but fitted for the holy uses for which all temples of religion ought to be erected, which is for the solemn worship of Almighty God, the exposition of His word by His appointed ministers, and the due celebration of the two sacraments which Christ hath ordained in His Church, and all other ordinances of His house.

We of the Episcopal Church in Virginia have reason to keep in affectionate and reverent remembrance the

line of Bishops who have been called to preside over this Diocese and under God have been the instruments of restoring, preserving, and transmitting to us this Church, as a depository of "the faith as it was once delivered to the saints," as re-embodied by the Fathers of the English Reformation and handed down by them to the generations following. We have been already reminded of the part that has been done by the wise, faithful, vigilant overseers of the flock who have successively watched over the Church in Virginia with true apostolic care and zeal, doing their utmost to keep away from it "all erroneous and strange doctrine;" which is doubtless the true secret of the *conservatism* of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. Nowhere in our broad land can there be found a more sound, healthy, conservative influence exerted by the Episcopal Church than is to be found in Virginia. The Church here has been kept steadfast in its adherence to the teaching of the Prayer-Book as it is, without yielding on the one hand or on the other to the spirit of change that is sweeping by. There has been maintained here a spirit of toleration for every thing except *positive, essential error*; and a proper *latitude* has been allowed for all differences of opinion that do not touch the foundations of faith, without running into *latitudinarianism*. Its system of worship has been strictly that laid down in the Prayer-Book, and its loyalty to the standards to which it has subscribed has never been justly impeached. This, doubtless, has been due in great measure to the wise administration of the faithful men whom God has set over it to guide its destinies. At the same time these

faithful chief pastors have been sustained by a body of Clergy of "like precious faith with themselves."

There were some admirable men among the earlier Colonial Clergy, such as the apostolic Whittaker and Hunt, and many others who labored faithfully in those trying days of the Church; and their mantle seems to have fallen on the Clergy of modern Virginia, who have proved themselves to be a band of earnest, zealous, devoted co-laborers in the cause of Christ and His Church. Nor can we fail to mention that *tower of strength* to this Diocese, which has been also a subject of distinct consideration at this Centennial Council: I mean that admirable school of the prophets, that nursing mother of the Church in Virginia, which stands on the hill near Alexandria, — *our beloved Theological Seminary*. It is there that our young men, candidates for the ministry, go to learn the art of spiritual warfare, and thus to be equipped and prepared to stand on the watch-towers of Zion to "watch for souls as those that must give account," that they may bring them to Christ to be enlisted "under His banner to fight manfully against sin, the world, and the great Adversary of man."

These are the towers which we are to tell to-day. And who will not join in thanksgiving for the past, and earnest prayer for the future that God will ever watch over this branch of His Church, which His own hand has planted in this Diocese; that He will this day send a Pentecostal blessing upon our present Bishops and Clergy and people; and that He will continue to give it faithful men to stand upon its towers, and "make it a praise in our land"?

Not only are we here to-day to “tell the towers,” but to “mark well the bulwarks of our Zion,” which are manifestly those things which are connected with her government, her doctrine, her discipline, and her worship, which constitute her strength; not because they have originated in the wisdom of man, but because they are *Scriptural*, — in strict accordance with the teaching and spirit of the New Testament. It is all-important for us to remember that the strength of our Church consists not in any thing that is human, and therefore transient, changeable, and liable to decay, but rather in those great fundamental truths which constitute the essence of Christianity because they are the substance of what Christ the divine Founder of the faith taught as the basis of human salvation. These truths we hold to be as clearly and definitely set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Creeds and Offices of this Church, as in any formularies in any branch of the Christian Church in any age since the Apostles’ times. Not only are the principles of the doctrine of Christ here stated explicitly in the form of dogma, but the life and character of Christ as He lived here on earth, as God manifest in the flesh and yet as a man among men, is held up vividly and continuously before the mind’s eye; and even the spirit and mind of Christ are so infused into the whole system, that we are never allowed to get far away from Him, but are taught to regard Him, as long as we adhere to the true *animus* of these standards, as our “all in all,” the “strength of our hearts, and our portion forever.”

Let it never be forgotten that the bulwarks of our

Church are not mere human inventions or variable dogmas or partial systems of truth, but "the truth as it is in Jesus" or as Jesus taught it,—the saving, sanctifying truth, which unites the soul to Him as the one Saviour and the one Sanctifier of men by His Holy Spirit who has now come to preside over the dispensation, "the Author and the Finisher of our faith."

Then once more, in considering her palaces, I trust no one will regard the interpretation as forced or unnatural, when we apply the phraseology, very much according to its original application, to the churches or places of worship belonging to our Zion. Just as the bulwarks of Jerusalem were not her material walls, but God's presence, God's truth, God's power, and God's protection, so her palaces were the buildings of the temple and the ordinances of worship "whither the tribes went up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." Do we not find a lesson here that teaches us to reverence God's sanctuaries, to love the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob, and to desire earnestly that these gates of Zion may be multiplied and opened wide for the entrance not only of devout worshippers but of all who are still aliens from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers to the covenant of promise, without God and without hope, who may be induced to come into the house of prayer and find it the gate of heaven?

Our thoughts naturally recur here to the old churches of the Diocese, many of which were built at an early period of our Colonial history. There is a sort of pious romance that gathers around these old temples, impart-

ing a pensive pleasure in thinking of or revisiting these former *palaces* of our Zion. Some by neglect have fallen into decay and ruin ; some have been destroyed by the ruthless hand of desecration ; while others, including some of the oldest places of worship in Virginia, are still used as they have been from the beginning in the worship of the same God, “ with whom there is no variable-ness,” and in the same devotional words that were long ago used by the pious dead who sleep together, pastors and people, around and near the altars where they once ministered and worshipped and heard together “ the word of the truth of the Gospel.” While many of those old sanctuaries have been disused or deserted or destroyed, others have arisen in their places more favorably located, and better suited for the use of the present congregations ; so that we may now look abroad with thankfulness over our Diocese studded with churches, — too few still for the needs of the people, — in which the God of our fathers is now “ worshipped in spirit and in truth.”

It is indeed a source of gratification and encouragement that since the close of the late war there have been more churches built in the Diocese than within the same period during the preceding years of its history. Surely this is, or ought to be, a matter of joy and of praise and of thanksgiving to our God who has done so much for us in the past, giving us the light of His countenance and the help of His gracious presence. We may still pray for the peace and prosperity of these parishes and churches of our Zion, that “ the comfortable Gospel of Christ may be everywhere truly

preached, truly received, and truly followed to the breaking-down of the kingdom of sin, Satan, and death, and the establishment of the kingdom of the Redeemer."

And now having enumerated and dwelt sufficiently, I trust, upon these several subjects which appeal to-day so pointedly and so eloquently to our religious gratitude, what remains to be done but that we love and cherish and keep this *heritage* which we have received, unblemished by any erroneous or strange doctrines or practices, and untarnished by the spirit of worldliness and vanity, letting "not the foot of pride come nigh to hurt it, nor the hand of the ungodly to cast it down," and then transmit the blessings which have been so richly bestowed upon us "to the generation following"? It is indeed a sacred inheritance which has been committed into our hands to be used for our own benefit and for the advancement of God's glory in our own day, and to be so used that it may be handed down to posterity, to our children and children's children, with its substance unchanged, its strength unimpaired, its true *beauty* which is *holiness* undiminished and undimmed even by the lapse of centuries. Tell it to the generation following, transmit this truth to posterity, and let it be known that the God whom our fathers worshipped is the God whom we worship and glorify as one God, world without end; and that this God will be their God for ever and ever; that He keepeth covenant with them that are His, and will transmit the blessings of that covenant from parents to children, and from age to age unto a thousand generations of them that love and fear and serve Him. Has He not been the guide of His people in all

ages? Has He not “brought them by a way which they knew not, and led them in paths that they have not known”? And is He not leading and guiding them still? Has He not watched over this Church of ours through all its perils and vicissitudes, guiding it through its perplexities, and guarding it against its dangers, and preserving it with wonderful love and wisdom and care, even in the darkest periods of its existence? And shall we not trust Him still, and so use the heritage which has been committed unto us, that we may transmit it as a sacred deposit to them that come after us?

